

THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. CCXCIV

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ADMIRAL DUGOUT.

He had done with fleets and squadrons,
with the restless roaming seas,
He had found the quiet haven he
desired,
And he lay there to his moorings with
the dignity and ease
Most becoming to Rear-Admirals
(retired);
He was bred on "Spit and Polish"—he
was reared to "Stick and
String"—
All the things the ultra-moderns
never name;
But a storm blew up to seaward, and
it meant the Real Thing,
And he had to slip his cable when it
came.

So he hied him up to London for to
hang about Whitehall,
And he sat upon the steps there soon
and late,
He importuned night and morning, he
bombardeed great and small,
From messengers to Ministers of
State;
He was like a guilty conscience, he was
like a ghost unlaid,
He was like a debt of which you
can't get rid,
Till the Powers That Be, despairing, in
a fit of temper said,
"For the Lord's sake give him some-
thing"—and they did.

They commissioned him a trawler with
a high and raking bow,
Black and workmanlike as any pirate
craft,
With a crew of steady seamen very
handy in a row,
And a brace of little barkers fore and
aft;
And he blessed the Lord his Maker
when he faced the North Sea
sprays
And exceedingly extolled his lucky
star
That had given his youth renewal in
the evening of his days
(With the rank of Captain Dugout,
R.N.R.).

He is jolly as a sandboy, he is happier
than a king,
And his trawler is the darling of his
heart
(With her cuddy like a cupboard where
a kitten couldn't swing,
And a smell of fish that simply won't
depart);
He has found upon occasion sundry
targets for his guns;
He could tell you tales of mine and
submarine;
Oh, the holes he's in and out of and
the glorious risks he runs
Turn his son—who's in a Super-
Dreadnought—green.

He is fit as any fiddle; he is hearty,
hale and tanned;
He is proof against the coldest gales
that blow;
He has never felt so lively since he got
his first command
(Which is rather more than forty
years ago);
And of all the joyful picnies of his wild
and wandering youth—
Little dust-ups from Taku to Zanzi-
bar—
There was none to match the picnic,
he declares in sober sooth,
That he has as Captain Dugout,
R.N.R.

C. F. S.

Punch.

BOATING SONG OF THE YO EH.

O Light we glide through forest green,
By misty shore and gaunt ravine.
And whether we tarry or drift along
The clouds and the birds around us
throng,
And mirrored mountains' nodding
brows
Follow the wake of our flying prows.

Now song returns from rock to rock;
Now soundless glades our silence mock.
Sunbeam and shadow elves at play
Beckon our wandering wills to stray.
Ah furl your sails! ah furl your sails!
The last wind down the valley fails.

From the Chinese of Ts'uui Hao.

(A.D. 703-755.)

THE PASSING OF THE SUPERMAN.

The greatest of all wars has so far thrown up no supremely great Personality. We have got rid of what Mr. Wells, with one of his irradiating flashes of insight and description, calls the Effigy: the great, caracoling, threatening, overbearing figure that looms so large in the foreground of all the wars and conquests of the past. Always when you turn back to these things the interest centers dramatically round an individual. The Man has so overshadowed the Event that most often we have forgotten the latter and remember only the former. It is of Rameses or Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar, Attila, Charlemagne, Genghis Khan, Charles XII, Peter the Great we think rather than of the kingdoms they devoured, the empires they founded or destroyed, the hosts they led to the slaughter. History flattens out before many minds a rather dull, level expanse, like the plain of Thebes with the Colossi towering above it to catch the sunbeams. It is the big man who often gives his name to the epoch: the age of Augustus, the age of Mohammed, the Napoleonic period, the Bismarckian era, and so forth.

But this marvelous stretch of time through which we are passing will not, it seems, be known as the Age of Anybody. We have no Effigy really worth a show-case in the historic museum, though several of the nations engaged have made some well-intentioned efforts to create one. We have felt somehow that we "want a hero," like Byron when he started upon "Don Juan." The research after this object of desire has not been conspicuously successful. The Germans do their best with Hindenburg: but it is surmised that the strategy and battle-schemes are really worked out

by Ludendorf and other useful subordinates, and that Hindenburg himself may be only a clumsy wooden image "made in Germany" to order and scale. In France there was at first some disposition to cast Joffre for the part; but that modest, methodical, painstaking, and unimaginative commander is not of the stuff whereof effigies are made, and he showed an absolute disinclination to appear in this rôle. Among ourselves a conscientious endeavor was made for a time to find what we wanted in Kitchener, the strong, silent man, the organizer of victory. But, alas! the Dardanelles Report is out; and whatever may be said of that inconvenient, and inconveniently timed, document, it must be acknowledged that it makes sad havoc with the Kitchener legend. Our Superman fades before our eyes, and leaves us instead with the likeness of a most patriotic, self-confident, hard-working, high-minded gentleman, overburdened by a task of unparalleled difficulty.

And the Effigy-Statesman is apparently as obsolete as the Effigy-Warrior. In this department, too, we move among the mediocrities: and here also we are in contrast with the past. The massive political personage, who awed the listening senate to obey, roused the multitude to fevered passion, and played his subtle game with potentates and powers like pieces on the chessboard, as he swept resplendent through the historic page—he likewise has disappeared. We look in vain for the Cromwell, the Lincoln, the Cavour, the Chatham, even the Choiseul or the Alberoni, of the Great War. Instead, we have had to be content with Mr. Asquith, Viscount Grey, M. Briand, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, Baron Sonnino, M.

Sazonoff; and I scarcely think that the admirers of these eminent public men would claim that any of them was cast in the heroic mould. Perhaps that is one reason why we hailed the advent of Mr. Lloyd George with so much effusion. We are still conscious of the old tradition which tells us that when great things are being done there should be a Great Man somewhere to see to the doing of them. So we are hoping that the Prime Minister may fill the void.

We have no hero; but a superabundance of heroes. We live, as Mr. Wells says, amid a torrent of heroism. But it is the heroism of the common unregarded human being, the man who was just food for powder or food for pikes in the olden wars. It may be that in the multitudes who dimly trail through the battles and the marches, the mud and blood, of the campaigns of the past, there were soldiers as brave, as loyal, as generous as those who have been sent forth these three years past from the cottages and mean streets of Europe. It may be so; for they do not figure in the annals. The Historic Muse, gathering her skirts about her as she trips daintily over their plebeian bodies, treats them only as an entry in her catalogue. So many thousands of their corpses, she notes coldly, left to fester on the field: so many dragged off to prison or to slavery: so many, it may be, butchered in the market square or built up alive into the walls of the fortress. *Non raggionam di lor.* We pass on to objects of more interest. Clio sharpens her pencil to set down in suitable detail the acts and words of kings, sultans, commanding generals, valiant knights, and other persons of dignity. Their heroism is on the record, and we know all about it; but save in a few rare instances the others are a gray mass, twanging away steadily at their bowstrings,

hacking and prodding victoriously with sabre and bayonet, or perhaps driven into rout and confused slaughter but in any case as individuals indistinguishable.

So most of the great stories of valor and sacrifice in war, that used to thrill us like the sound of a trumpet, relate to the selected, the socially superior, warriors. The hero has usually been "an officer and a gentleman," with one of the qualifications, if not both. Do the Homeric poems pause to tell us about anybody but the chiefs, the princes, and the kings, like Agamemnon and Menelaus and Odysseus and Hector, and the ill-humored but most nobly-born Achilles? Are the mediæval chroniclers and singers—Froissart, William of Tyre, Mallory, and the rest—concerned with the multitude in leather jerkins? It is the knights and barons that interest them, as they push about, encased in steel, among the half-armed, half-naked serfs of the feudal levy; and if these poor fellows were often brave, as I have no doubt they were, their valor is not worth recording. We have all been brought up to regard heroism in battle as a special attribute of patrician birth, or of high rank, civil or military. That is one of the reasons why we have found war ornamental, spectacular, romantic.

But *this* war has changed our orientation. Heroism has become so common that it has long ceased to be picturesque and theatrical, though it tugs at our heartstrings none the less on that account. We have discovered that the quite average, ordinary man can do deeds which would have seemed notable enough to fill half a canto of sounding verse, or half a chapter of reverberant prose, in the days of the effigy-hero. For *him*—it may be he will get a line in a bald telegram or a bit of ribbon and a metal cross. It is much more likely he will get nothing,

and nobody but a comrade or two will know how he lived and died. He goes about all this work with an amazing modesty, calmness, and self-effacement, as though to suffer appalling torture, to be mangled, ripped open, maimed, blinded, killed, were just an incident in the day's doings.

In the years before the war we used to write solemn pages showing how the world was losing the manlier virtues; how civilization, and particularly urban civilization, had slackened our fibre; how our young men no longer possessed the robust fortitude of their forefathers. And it is these same young men who have stepped from behind their counters, or out of little black workshops, to do deeds any hour of almost any day that once would have given them an immortality of fame. Arnold von Winkelried, you remember: gathering a sheaf of enemy spear-points into his own breast to make a way for his friends into the hostile square. A fine thing to do! But no whit finer than that of the soldier who throws himself upon a live bomb and so deliberately risks being blown to shreds in order to save his comrades.* It has been done again and again in the trenches: this and other things which need a tougher nerve, and a better allowance of sheer physical resolution than they had "any use for" at the battle of Sempach.

They do it all so quietly, with so complete an absence of pose! In all the armies I think that is so, but most in our own. I cannot imagine any but a British regiment rushing into the hell of the machine-gun fire with the cry of "Early doors sixpence extra"; or with the men kicking a

*"Lauder, V. C.—Pte. D. R. Lauder, Royal Scottish Fusiliers, decorated with the V. C. by the King on Saturday. A bomb failing to clear the trench, Lauder covered it with his foot, which was blown off, thereby saving injuries to all except himself. He is now a munition worker."—*Extract from daily newspaper.*

football before them through the zone of sputtering bullets. The established hero gives one the impression of being conscious that the eyes of the world are upon him. "For God and the King," he cries, or "For the lilies of France," or something of that kind, as he charges gloriously, with white plume waving, and a magnificent flutter of laced cloak or flying hussar-jacket. One suspects that even in dying he faces his audience, feeling that he owes it to himself and his order to make his exit with a sense of style.

I remember that when I was a boy the story of Sir Philip Sidney at the battle of Zutphen bit deep into my imagination. I derived it from a large, popular History of England, in which the incident was made the subject of a full-page engraving over which I used to linger with delight. For years afterwards the picture, with additions and embellishments, would come back at intervals to my mind. The scene, as I envisaged it, was replete with an ornate dignity. The battle raged decorously in the background; men, in correct attitudes, with corslets and bright lances, stood about; in the center lay the dying hero, an arresting figure, with his curled and, I suppose, perfumed ringlets, his elegant sword-hilt, his white and spotless ruff, his slashed jerkin, his Elizabethan hose and stockings. One saw the draught of water offered (in a silver goblet); the knight, about to raise it to his lips, turning to the wounded soldier at his side, with his "Friend, thy necessity is greater than mine." A grand thing—done in the grand manner!

In the earlier days of the war I came upon a paragraph in a newspaper correspondent's letter about the fighting near Festubert. A British soldier was lying wounded on the ground, fevered with thirst, close by a German

even more desperately hurt. Stretcher-bearers arrived and offered the Briton a tin of water. The man was reaching for it eagerly, when his glance fell on his tormented enemy. "After 'im," he said, and handed back the vessel for the German to drain. So now, when I seek to recall my old vision of Sidney at Zutphen, it is blotted out by another: a vision of a man in drabbled khaki, lying in the horrible crimsoned filth of No Man's Land; of another man in a torn gray tunie, drenched with blood, staring with wolfish eyes at the water; of the former shutting his own parched lips tight over his teeth and putting the precious draught by with a short, ill-said word of refusal. Surely a greater hero, that nameless cockney, than the sworded and scented courtier! "After 'im!" It is better than the nobly mellifluous phrase that made Philip Sidney immortal.

But all the blazoned deeds of the past are outshone daily. There was Sir Richard Grenville, of the *Revenge* and here is Captain Loftus Jones, of H. M. Destroyer *Shark*. In the battle of Jutland ten German ships were pouring their fire into the *Shark* at short range. Steering gear, funnels, superstructure were blown away. Half the crew were dead, the commander himself was severely wounded. Another destroyer, the *Acasta*, pushed in front of the helpless ship to shield her and brave destruction herself. Loftus Jones, who was the Commodore of the division, refused any aid, and signaled the *Acasta* to keep out of the way. Then a splinter of shell came which took off the captain's leg above the knee; still he sat on the shattered deck and gave his orders and fought on. He noticed that the flag had been shot down, and ordered that another should be run up; and this was done, so that the *Shark* went under with colors flying. When they

were all in the water the few survivors pulled their dying chief on board a raft. "Let's have a song, boys," he said; and they sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee" till that indomitable soul passed away.

It would be easy to multiply the examples. Courage, self-sacrifice, magnanimity are no longer the prerogative of the honored Few. They are the common heritage of the common man—and, let us hasten to add, the common woman. The war has raised the standard all round; it has shown that if our civilization is not prolific of geniuses, it has produced a race of ordinary men and women who are braver and more generous than the dominating aristocracies and high chivalric groups of the Past. It is the answer to the scientific sentimentalists, like Nietzsche and his followers, who talk about slave morality and crowd instincts.

Mr. Wells suggests that this glorification of the Effigy, this passionate research for the Superman, with its implied worship of mere brutal fighting force, is a by-product and misunderstanding of Darwinism. "Nature," said the hasty student of the evolution theory, "is 'one with rapine.'" Progress is an unending struggle; the stronger species prevails by crushing, killing, or starving out the weaker. Hence, also, you can breed up to the survival of the higher type by the enslavement, if not the extinction, of the lower; hence nothing really matters but the successful self-assertion of the favored individuals and classes. To that everything must be sacrificed, especially the masses of mankind. This misreading of the evolutionary process helped the preachers of the Will-to-Power gospel; but it was being spread abroad before they went to the pulpit with pseudo-scientific texts.

Before Nietzsche there was that

ingenious French pessimist Gobineau, with his *Inequality of Human Races*, insisting that our civilization was doomed to decay because the god-like aristocratic castes were being absorbed by the inferior races, the mean-spirited multitude, autochthones, creatures of the soil. And before Gobineau there was Carlyle, with his passionate hero-worship, and that angry revolt against the shams and futilities of weakness which led him to admire even such a savage old ruffian as the father of Frederick the Great. Before Carlyle, again, there was Machiavelli, who taught that men in the mass being for the most part "a sorry breed," were only fit to be bullied, driven, and deceived by the stronger and more subtle spirits, like that of the amiable Cæsar Borgia. And long before them all was Aristotle, who settled the whole question by dividing the human kind into those who were free and destined to mastery, and those who were "slavish by nature," and in consequence were justly enthralled and exploited by the others. The doctrine is as ancient as history, and there were ingenious sages justifying it on moral and religious grounds a few thousand years before Darwin had told us about natural selection and the survival of the fittest, and before Nietzsche and Treitschke had assisted Prussian generals and ministers to discover that "the State is Power," and that war is a "biological necessity," especially when you think you can wage it with success.

To return to our Superman as Hero. He had its uses under the older conditions, though now his functions have become largely atrophied. Individual leadership in civil, and particularly in military, matters was much more important than it is at present. A campaign was to a considerable extent a game of skill, in

which almost everything depended on the cleverness of the principal player on either side. The issue might be decided by a single battle, and the battle itself by some sudden well-directed movement of a small body of men, the choice of a good position, the adroit seizure of some useful bit of ground, the ability to grasp the psychological moment for advance or retirement. It was a stroke of that sort, a stroke of genius if it were not perhaps sheer luck, which made for victory or staved off defeat. With small, mobile armies, fighting at close quarters, leadership was everything, and the leadership was necessarily that of an individual.

Macaulay says that an army has sometimes been successfully directed by a fool or a coward, but never by a debating society. In the present war all the armies are directed, more or less, by debating societies. They are much too large and much too complex in their organization to be controlled by an individual, however comprehensive his talent. For the War Lord we have had to substitute the War Board, for the towering commanding personality, the Committee. Strategy, supply, equipment, transport, military economics, are now beyond the grasp of any single mind, though it were the mind of a Napoleon, a Carnot, and a Julius Cæsar rolled into one.

In war, as in industrial transactions, what is wanted is the harmonious co-operation of a number of managing persons, none of them necessarily gifted with genius, but all well-trained, well-informed, and clear-thinking. The excessively forceful, self-assertive intelligence may be a hindrance rather than a help on a committee. You do not want the Superman there; he would be likely to make trouble. The Board will do best when its members are on about a general high level of character and capacity, and have sufficient

confidence in one another to work together in comfort. With a directing council of this kind a great business concern—a railway, for instance, or a steamship company—will be well managed; so likewise will be an army or a nation, both of which are also aggregates of human beings organized for industry. The Hero is here a luxury—sometimes a dangerous superfluity. Sir Walter Raleigh has recently told* a story of a Winchester boy who was "swanking" about his school, and was told that it had at any rate produced few men of genius. "I should think not," responded the Wintonian, "we would soon knock anything of that sort out of them." It was a very English reply: English in its distrust of intellectual superiority; English also in its instinctive belief that it is safer to rely upon a good average of efficiency than on the occasional revelation of brilliant, and perhaps abnormal, ability.

The Hero had other uses. He was a great instrument of suggestion, and man is a suggestible animal. Schooled as he has been by centuries of autocratic rule and anthropomorphic religion, he finds it easier to receive the suggestion when it comes to him through a personal agency. He makes a Person of his country, a Person of his god. He may, it is true, fight and die for an abstract idea: men have suffered martyrdom and tortured one another over the placing of a diphthong or the date of a church festival. The combative and the self-sacrificing appetites can thrive on a slender diet. But they grow more robust when they can feed on something that is made in their own image. The Great Man or the Superman, human or semi-divine, focuses the imagination and kindles the flame of enthusiasm. Loyalty to a Throne came more naturally to people

in the mass than loyalty to a Cause: they were happiest when they saw the cause, or thought they saw it, personified in the king.

Even nations that had outgrown the habit of despotism had that feeling, so that the noblest souls in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were content to give up everything, including their lives, for an elderly flirt like Queen Elizabeth, or an obstinate and confused intriguer like Charles I. Men have shown as much devotion to the city, the state, or the republic, to Athens, to Sparta, to the United Provinces; but this was mostly in the case of small communities, where it was clearly present to the minds of all the citizens that their own personal safety, their lives, and wives, and property depended on the success of the corporate effort. When the entire population of a town was liable to be murdered in cold blood, or sold into slavery, if the hostile army were victorious, no artificial stimulus to patriotism was needed. The people of Carthage were unwarlike and softened by luxury and wealth; but they worked and fought with frantic energy in the final siege, for they knew what desperate doom lay before them when Scipio's forces got possession of the city.

The Personality may be dispensed with when the Cause comes clearly home to everybody, and is intelligently apprehended by all. Perhaps our Committees and Joint Commissions and Advisory Councils will appeal to that kind of corporate consciousness in the future. There is more sense of it in this war than in almost any great war of the past. The armies know what they are fighting for: they have an ethical and political creed, indefinite but substantial, and require no "magnetic" leadership to stimulate their imagination.

But here we are dealing with armed hosts of men who read, and even, in

*See the report of his lecture at the Royal Colonial Institute in *United Empire* for January, 1917.

some sort, are beginning to think. Idol-worshipping is growing obsolescent. Carlyle's Hero as Prophet and Priest and King is a little out of date. "I said the Great Man was always as lightning out of Heaven; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame." But "the rest of men" count for more in these days, and can flame with their own internal heat; they stand less in want of Prometheus, the bringer of fire from Heaven—or elsewhere.

In that acute (and now, I think, almost forgotten) book of the early 'nineties, *National Life and Character*, by the late Professor Charles H. Pearson, the author vaticinates gloomily on the "Decay of Character," presently to be brought about by state socialism, religious scepticism, scientific progress, democracy, journalism, the emancipation of women, and other perilous modern developments. The future, he anticipates, will give smaller scope than the past to individual eminence. When we are all properly educated we shall stand less in awe of the learned man. When most of us have a reasoned acquaintance with the art of politics we shall be disinclined to go down on our knees to the "statesman." When we are all fairly comfortable and fairly contented we shall not strive so feverishly for power or fame or money; and consequently ambition, "that last infirmity of noble mind," will be curbed. The noble mind will have less incentive to excel, and even the Greatest of Great Men will hardly be gratified by such successes as his predecessors achieved. A Cæsar, a Napoleon, a Richelieu, a Chatham will be denied his opportunities; he will not be allowed to make or unmake kingdoms, to wage wars on his own account, to impose his will upon millions, to fill the center of the world-stage.

"Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed" will be employed in drawing up agenda for a Joint Board or writing out memoranda for an Advisory Committee. Instead of the Conqueror we shall get the Chairman; the dominating, egotistic Will-to-Power will be replaced by the trained, experienced, conciliatory Intelligence. Organized co-operative effort will be substituted for the brilliant stroke of genius. Even in science and scholarship the field open to individual achievement is narrowing: the space is so vast and subdivision so minute. It takes a dozen careful professors now to write a History of England; each has his "special subject"; he would hardly dare, as Hume and Lingare did, to run the whole off his own pen. The great modern inventions are not now thought out and completed by a single man, an Arkwright, a Watt, a Stephenson. The telephone, the aeroplane, the motor-car, the turbine, the radiotelegraph, were the results of a whole series of experiments and essays by separate investigators. The time may come when it will need six highly specialized literary gentlemen to compose a novel or a play. Indeed, we seem to have reached that stage already with the musical comedy and the *revue*.

Professor Pearson watched the beginning of the process with desponding eyes. He thought it promised a somewhat prosaic world, in which even the most imposing events would be transacted in a dull fashion, unilluminated by the flash and sparkle of coruscating personalities. Perhaps he was right. The Great Man—even the Eminent Person—touches an element of the picturesque, the dramatic, which we do not spare without a certain regret. Average competence is less attractive.

Take the war, this most tremendous of all wars. Some people, I am told, find it dull; which is as amazing to

me as that one person—even if that person is only a tired paradox-monger like Mr. Bernard Shaw—should find it funny. But one can see that the tragedy of bloodshed and intolerable weariness would be sensibly relieved if we could concentrate on an Alexander, a Hannibal, a Turenne, a Marlborough, or some other fascinating figure from the minor conflicts of the past. But now the great captain can no more make a campaign out of his own head than a great engineer unaided can make a battleship. Modern warfare, like modern science, is an affair of co-operation and co-ordination, of large ordered plans shaped in concert by many minds, rather than the expression of any one supreme, imperious Will. It is like a novel without a hero, or a history of institutions; works which are seldom popular. Character is easier to follow than ideas, and people, especially semi-educated, half-uncivilized people, would sooner talk of persons than of tendencies and forces. That is why a good part of the most interesting history looks like a sort of glorified gossip.

There will be a waning charm in *Fortnightly Review*.

this indolent indulgence when society is organized into groups of men and women, working together for great, impersonal objects. Perhaps the depressed prophets are justified in thinking that the world will be less romantic then, so far as romance depended on the clash and play of human idiosyncrasy. There will be individuality enough; but the outstanding "sport" may be of infrequent occurrence. There may be more all-round talent, less genius; fewer fools and weaklings, if also fewer conquerors and saints. This will be against the Superman, but it will make for the coming of the Super-race. For the rise of any species in the scale is not due to the crushing out of the inferior elements by the favored exceptions, but to the enlargement of the powers and capacities of the general body. Human evolution is a more pacific and a more democratic process than the Mendelian extremists and the German political Darwinians admit. War is *not*, as Bernhardi says, "a fundamental law of development"; nor is it true that "this great verity has been convincingly demonstrated by Charles Darwin."*

Sidney Low.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE TRENCHES.

In the trenches one evening a battalion of the Leinster Regiment held a "kailee" (*ceilidh*), or Irish sing-song, at which there was a spirited rendering of the humorous old ballad, "Bryan O'Lynn," sung to an infectiously rollicking tune. The opening verse runs:

Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought a sheep-skin to make him
 a pair,
With the woolly side out, and the
 skinny side in,
"Faix, 'tis pleasant and cool," says
 Bryan O'Lynn.
The swing of the tune took the fancy

of the Germans in their trenches, less than fifty yards away. With a "rumty-tum-tumty-tum-tumty-tum-tum," they loudly hummed the air of the end of each verse, all unknowing that the Leinsters, singing at the top of their voices, gave the words a topical application:

With the woolly side out and the
 skinny side in,
"Sure, we'll wallop the Gerrys," said
 Bryan O'Lynn.

*See Dr. Chalmers Mitchell's excellent little volume, *Evolution and the War*, chap. iv.

Hearty bursts of laughter and cheers arose from both trenches at the conclusion of the song. It seemed as if the combatants gladly availed themselves of this chance opportunity of becoming united again in the common brotherhood of man, even for but a fleeting moment, by the spirit of good humor and hilarity.

A young English officer of a different battalion of the same Leinster Regiment tells of a more curious incident still, which likewise led to a brief cessation of hostilities. Two privates in his company had a quarrel in the trenches, and nothing would do them but to fight it out on No Man's Land. The Germans were most appreciative and accommodating. Not only did they not molest the pugilists, but they cheered them, and actually fired the contents of their rifles in the air by way of a salute. The European War was, in fact, suspended in this particular section of the lines while two Irishmen settled their own little differences by a contest of fists.

"Who will now say that the Germans are not sportsmen?" was the comment of the young English officer. There is, however, another, and perhaps a shrewder view of the episode. It was taken by a sergeant of the company. "Yerra, come down out of that, ye pair of born fools," he called out to the fighters. "If ye had only a glimmer of sense, ye'd see, so ye would, that 'tis playing the Gerrys' game ye are. Sure, there's nothing they'd like better than to see us all knocking blazes out of each other." But as regards the moral pointed by the officer, there must be, of course, many "sportsmen" among the millions of German soldiers; though the opinion widely prevailing in the British Army is that they are often treacherous fighters. Indeed, to their practices is mainly to be ascribed the bitter personal animosity that occasionally marks the relations

between the combatants, when the fighting becomes most bloody and desperate, and—as happens at times in all wars—no quarter is given to those who allow none.

In the wars of old between England and France, both sides were animated by a very fine sense of chivalry. Barère, one of the chief popular orators during the worst excesses of the French Revolution, induced the Convention to declare that no quarter was to be given to the English. "Soldiers of Liberty," he cried, "when victory places Englishmen at your mercy, strike!" But the French troops absolutely refused to act upon the savage decree. The principle upon which both French and English acted during the Peninsular War was that of doing as little harm to one another consistently with the winning of victory. Between the rank-and-file friendly feelings may be said, without any incongruity, to have existed. They were able, of their own accord, to come to certain understandings that tended to mitigate, to some extent, the hardships and even the dangers to which they were both alike exposed. One was that sentries at the outposts must not be fired on or surprised. Often no more than a space of twenty yards separated them, and when the order to advance was given to either Army, the sentries of the other were warned to retire. Once a French sentry helped a British sentry to replace his knapsack, so that he might more quickly fall back before the firing commenced. A remarkable instance of signaling between the opposing forces is mentioned by General Sir Charles Napier in his "History of the Peninsular War." Wellington sent a detachment of riflemen to drive away some French troops occupying the top of a hill near Bayonne, and, as they approached the enemy, he ordered them to fire. "But," says Napier, "with a

loud voice one of those soldiers replied "No firing!" and, holding up the butt of his rifle, tapped it in a peculiar way." This was a signal to the French, and was understood by them—probably as a result of a mutual arrangement—to mean "We must have the hill for a short time." "The French, who, though they could not maintain would not relinquish the post without a fight if they had been fired upon, quietly retired," Napier writes; "and this signal would never have been made if the post had been one capable of a permanent defense, so well do veterans understand war and its proprieties."

Throughout that long campaign, the British and French recognized each other as worthy foemen, and they were both solicitous to maintain unstained the honor and dignity of arms. As the opposing forces lay resting before Lisbon for months, the advanced posts got so closely into touch that much friendly intercourse took place between them. French officers frequently asked for such little luxuries as cigars, coffee, and stationery to be brought to them from Lisbon, which was held by the British, and their requests were readily complied with. At the Battle of Talavera on July 28th, 1809, the possession of a hill was fiercely contested all day. The weather was so intensely hot that the combatants were parched with thirst. At noon there was an almost entire cessation of artillery and rifle fire, as if an informal truce had been suddenly come to by a flash of intuition, and with one accord French and British rushed down to the rivulet at the foot of the hill to moisten their burning throats. "The men crowded on each side of the water's edge," says Napier. "They threw aside their caps and muskets, and chatted to each other in broken French and still more fragmentary English across the stream.

Flasks were exchanged; hands shaken. Then the bugle and the rolling drum called the men back to their Colors, and the fight awoke once more."

Such amenities between combatants are very ancient: the Greeks and Trojans used to exchange presents and courtesies in the intervals of fighting, and the early stages of this war seemed to afford a promise that they would be revived. The fraternizing of the British and Germans at their first Christmas under arms, in 1914, will, perhaps, always be accounted as the most curious episode of the war. The influence of the great Christian festival led to a suspension of hostilities along the lines, and the men on each side seized the opportunity to satisfy their natural curiosity to see something more of each other than through the smoke of battle with deadly weapons in their hands and hatred in their eyes. Each side had taken prisoners; but prisoners are "out of it," and therefore reduced to the level of non-combatants. The foeman in being appears in a very different light. He has the power to strike. You may have to kill him, or you may be killed by him. So the British and the Germans, impelled in the main by a common feeling of inquisitiveness, met together between the lines in No Man's Land. There was some amicable conversation where they could make themselves understood to each other, which happened when a German was found who could speak a little English. Cigarettes and tunic buttons were freely exchanged. But, for the most part, British and Germans stood with arms folded across their breasts and stared at each other with a kind of dread fascination.

It never happened again. How could it possibly be repeated? The introduction into the conflict by the Germans in high command of the

barbaric elements of "frightfulness," hitherto confined to savage tribes at war; their belief only in brute strength; and, as regards the common German soldiers, the native lowness of morality shown by so many of them; their apparent insensitiveness to ordinary humane instincts, inevitably tended to harden and embitter their adversaries against them. Even so, British feeling is extraordinarily devoid of the vindictiveness that springs from a deep sense of personal injury, and evokes, in turn, a desire for revenge, which, were it shown, would, however lamentable, be not unnatural in the circumstances. The Germans, in the mass, are regarded as having been dehumanized and transformed into a process of ruthless destruction. In any case, they are the enemy. As such, there is a satisfaction—nay, a positive delight—in sweeping them out of existence. That is war. But against the German soldier individually it may be said that, on the whole, there is no rancor. In fact, British soldiers have a curiously detached and generous way of regarding their country's enemies. When the German soldier is taken prisoner, or picked up wounded, the British soldier is disposed, as a hundred thousand instances show, to treat him as a "pal" to divide his food and share his cigarettes with him as he passes to the base.

It was very noticeable how all the war correspondents, in their accounts of the taking of the village of Ginchy on the Somme by the 16th (Irish) Division, dwelt on the chivalrous way in which the Irish treated their vanquished foes. Once the spirit of combativeness is aroused in the Irish soldiers, they hate the enemy like the black death to which they strive to consign them. But when the fury of battle has died down in victory, there are none so soft and kindly to the beaten enemy. Surrender should

always of course disarm hostility. No true soldier would decline to lower his bayonet when a foeman acknowledges defeat and places his life in his keeping. That is, after a fair and gallant fight on the part of the foeman. It was because the Germans at Ginchy were vindictive in combat, and despicable when overthrown, that the Irish acted with rare magnanimity in accepting their submission and sparing their lives.

In that engagement the Irish made a characteristically headlong dash for the enemy positions. Rifle and machine-gun fire was poured into them by the Germans up to the very last moment, until, in fact, they had reached the trenches; and then, as they were about to jump in and bayonet and club their blood-thirsty foemen, they found them on their knees with hands uplifted. The Irish were enraged at the sight. To think that men who had been so merciless should beg for mercy when their opponents were on top of them! Were their comrades slain only a moment since to go unavenged? These thoughts passed rapidly through the minds of the Irish. As swiftly came the decision, worthy of high-souled men. An enemy on his knees is to them inviolable, not to be hurt or injured, however mean and low he may have proved himself to be. So the Irish bayonets, at the very breasts of the Germans, were turned aside.

In the gladiatorial fights for the entertainment of the people in ancient Rome, the defeated combatant was expected to expose his throat to the sword of the victor, and any shrinking on his part caused the arena to ring with the angry shouts of the thousands of spectators, "Receive the steel!" By all accounts, the Germans have a dislike of the bayonet. They might well be paralyzed, indeed, at the affrighting spectacle of that thin line

of cold steel wielded by a furious Irishman; but if the bayonet were in the hands of a soldier of any of the other British nationalities, his cry to the German that recoiled from its thrust would probably be "Receive the steel!" expressed in the rudest and roughest native idiom. The way of the Irish at Ginchy was different; and perhaps the renunciation of their revenge was not the least magnificent act of a glorious day.

"If we brained them on the spot, who could blame us? 'Tis ourselves that would think it no sin if it was done by anyone else," said a private of the Dublin Fusiliers. "Let me tell you," he went on, "what happened to myself. As I raced across the open with my comrades, jumping in and out of shell-holes, and the bullets flying thick around us, laying many a fine boy low, I said to myself, 'This is going to be a fight to the last gasp for those of us that get to the Germans.' As I came near to the trenches, I picked a man out for myself. Straight in front of me, he was, leaning out of the trench, and he with a rifle firing away at us as if we were rabbits. I made for him with my bayonet ready, determined to give him what he deserved, when—what do you think?—didn't he notice me and what I was up to! Dropping his rifle he raised himself up in the trench and stretched out his hands towards me. What could you do in that case, but what I did? Sure, you wouldn't have the heart to strike him down, even if he were to kill you. I caught sight of his eyes, and there was such a frightened and pleading look in them, that I at once lowered my rifle, and took him by the hand, saying, 'You're my prisoner!' I don't suppose he understood a word of what I said; but he clung to me, crying, 'Kamerad, Kamerad!' I was more glad than ever that I hadn't the blood of him on my

soul. 'Tis a queer thing to say, maybe, of a man who acted like that; but, all the same, he looked a decent boy, every bit of him. I suppose the truth of it is this: We soldiers on both sides have to go through such terrible experiences that there is no accounting for how we may behave. We might be devils, all out, in the morning, and saints, no less, in the evening."

The relations between the trenches include even attempts at an exchange of repartee. The wit, as may be supposed, in such circumstances, is invariably ironie and sarcastic. My examples are Irish, for the reason that I have had most to do with Irish soldiers, but they may be taken as fairly representative of the taunts and pleasantries which are often bandied across No Man's Land. The Germans, holding part of their line in Belgium, got to know that the British trenches opposite them were being held by an Irish battalion. "Hello, Irish!" they cried. "How is King Carson getting on, and have you got Home Rule yet?" The company sergeant-major, a big Tipperary man, was selected to make the proper reply, and, in order that it might be fully effective, he sent it through a megaphone which the colonel was accustomed to use in addressing the battalion on parade. "Hello, Gerrys!" he called out. "I'm thinking it isn't information ye want, but divarshion; but 'tis information I'll be after giving ye, all the same. Later on we'll be sending ye some fun that'll make ye laugh at the other side of yer mouths. The last we heard of Carson, he was prodding the Government like the very devil to put venom into their blows at ye, and more power to his elbow while he's at that work, say we. As for Home Rule, we mean to have it, and we'll get it, please God, when ye're licked. Put that in yer pipes, and smoke it!"

The two names for the Germans in use among the Irish troops are "Gerrys" and (a corruption of the French "allemand" for German) "Alleymans." Once, when the Irish Guards were in the firing-line, they could see, by means of a mirror stuck up on the parados (the earth elevation rearward of the trench), a big, fat, elderly German soldier, with a thick gray mustache frequently pottering about the German trenches. He took the fancy of the Irish, for the reason that he appeared to them to be typically German. They could have shot him, had they chosen; but they preferred to make a pet of him, and every time he appeared they shouted together: "Good man, Alleyman"; so that he soon came to know the greeting and would bow his head with a smile towards the British lines. A day came when there was no "Alleyman," and the Irish Guards began to fear that some harm had befallen him. "Maybe some blaguard of a sniper in another part of the lines has shot the decent man," they said. Then it struck them to try whether a loud call for their favorite would bring him again into view. They raised a shout in unison of "We—want—Alleyman," and in about five minutes the rotund figure of the German appeared on the top of the parapet, smilingly bowing his acknowledgment of the great honor done him by his friends, the enemy. Great was the relief of the Irish Guards, and they raised a joyful cry of "Good man, Alleyman."

Of all the horrible features of the war surely the most heartrending is the fate of the wounded lying without succor in the open between the opposing lines, owing to the inability of the higher command on both sides to agree to an arrangement for a short suspension of hostilities after an engagement, so that the stricken might be brought in. Prone in the mud and slush they

lie, during the cruel winter weather, with the rain pouring down upon them, their moans of agony in the darkness of the night mingling with the cold blasts that howl around them. But, thanks to the loving kindness of man for his fellow, even in war, these unfortunate creatures are not deserted. British soldiers without number have voluntarily crept out into No Man's Land to rescue them, often under murderous fire from the enemy. Many of the Victoria Crosses won in this war have been awarded for conspicuous gallantry displayed in these most humane and chivalrous enterprises.

Happily, also, brief informal truces are not infrequently come to between the opposing forces at particular sections of the lines, so that one or other, or both, may bring in, after a raid, their wounded and their slain. One of the most uplifting stories I have heard was told me by a captain of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Out there in front of the trench held by his company lay a figure in khaki writhing in pain and wailing for help. "Will no one come to me?" he cried, in a voice broken with anguish. He had been disabled in the course of a raid on the German trenches the night before by a battalion which was relieved in the morning. These appeals of his were like stabs to the compassionate hearts of the Irish Fusiliers. Several of them told the captain they could stand it no longer, and must go out to the wounded man. If they were shot in the attempt, what matter! It happened that a little dog was then making himself quite at home in both the British and German trenches at this part of the line. He was a neutral; he took no sides; he regularly crossed from one to the other, and found in both friends to give him food and a kind word with a pat on the head. The happy thought came to the captain to make a messenger of the dog.

So he wrote: "May we take our wounded man in?" tied the note to the dog's tail, and sent him to the German trenches. The message was in English, for the captain did not know German, and had to trust to the chance of the enemy being able to read it. In a short time the dog returned with the answer. It was in English, and it ran: "Yes; you can have five minutes." So the captain and a man went out with a stretcher, and brought the poor fellow back to our lines. Then, standing on the top of the parapet, the captain took off his hat, and called out: "Give the Germans three hearty cheers, boys." The response was most enthusiastic. With the cheers were mingled such cries as: "Sure, the Gerrys are not all bad chaps, after all," and "May the heavens be the bed of those of them we may kill." More than that, the incident brought tears to many a man's eyes on the Irish side; and, it maybe, on the German side, too. Certainly answering cheers came from their trenches.

Some of these understandings are come to by a sort of telepathic suggestion inspired by the principle of "live and let live," however incongruous that may seem in warfare. As an instance, recuperative work, such as the bringing up of food to the firing lines, is often allowed to go on in comparative quietude. Neither side cares to stand on guard in the trenches on an empty stomach. Often, therefore, firing is almost entirely suspended in the early hours of the night when it is known that rations are being distributed. That is not the way everywhere and always. A private of the Royal Irish Regiment told me that what he found most aggravating in the trenches was the fusillading by the Germans when the men were getting ready a bit to eat. "I suppose," he remarked, "'twas the smell of the frying bacon that put their dandher

up." But even defensive work has been allowed to proceed without interference, when carried on simultaneously by both sides. Heavy rain, following a hard frost, turned the trenches in the Ypres district into a chaos of ooze and slime. "How deep is it with you?" a German soldier shouted across to the British. "Up to our knees, bedad," was the reply. "You are lucky fellows. We're up to our belts in it," said the German. Driven to desperation by their hideous discomfort the Germans soon after crawled up on to their parapets, and sat there to dry and stretch their legs, calling out: "Kamerads, don't shoot; don't shoot, Kamerads." The reply of the Irish was to get out of their trenches and do likewise. On another occasion, in the broad daylight, unarmed parties of men on both sides, by a tacit agreement, set about repairing their respective barbed-wire entanglements. They were no more than fifteen or twenty yards apart. The wiring party on the British side belonged to the Munster Fusiliers. Being short of mallets, one of the Munsters coolly walked across to the enemy, and said: "Good Morrow, Gerrys. Would any of ye be so kind as to lend me the loan of a hammer?" The Germans received him with smiles, but, as they did not know English, they were unable to understand what he wanted, until he made it clear by pantomimic action, when he was given the hammer "with a heart and a half," as he put it himself. Having repaired the defenses of his own trench he brought back the hammer to the Germans, and thought he might give them "a bit of his mind," without offense, as they did not know what he was saying. "Here's your hammer, and thanks," said he. "High hanging to the man that caused this war—ye know who I mean—and may we be all soon busily at

work hammering nails into his coffin."

Many touching stories might be told of the sympathy which unites the combatants when they find themselves lying side by side, wounded and helpless, in shell-holes and copses, or on the open plain after an engagement. The ruling spirit which animates the soldier in the fury of the fight is, as it seems to me, that of self-preservation. He kills or disables so that he may not be killed or disabled himself. Each side, in their own opinion, are waging a purely defensive war. So it is that the feeling of hostility subsides, once the sense of danger is removed by the enemy being put out of action, and each side sees in its captives not devils or barbarians, but fellow men. Especially among the wounded, British and Germans, do these sentiments prevail, as they lie stricken together on the field of battle. In a dim way they pitifully regard each other as hapless victims caught in the vortex of the greatest of human tragedies, and they sometimes wonder why it was they fought each other at all. They try to help each other, to ease each other's sufferings, to staunch each other's wounds; to give each other comfort in their sore distress.

"Poor devil; unnerved by shell shock," was the comment passed as a wounded German was being carried by on a stretcher sobbing as if his heart would break. It was not the roar of the artillery and the bursting of high explosives that had unnerved him, but the self-sacrifice of a Dublin Fusilier who in succoring him lost his own life. At the hospital the German related that on recovering his senses after being shot he found the Dublin Fusilier trying to staunch the wound in his shattered leg, from which blood was flowing profusely. The Irishman undid the field-dressing, consisting of bandage and antiseptic preparation, which

he had wrapped round his own wound and applied it to the German as he appeared to be in danger of bleeding to death. Before the two men were discovered by a British stretcher party the Dublin Fusilier had passed away. He developed blood-poisoning through his exposed wound. The German, on hearing the news, broke down and wept bitterly.

Reconciliation between wounded foes men is, happily, a common occurrence on the stricken plain. The malignant roar of the guns may still be in their ears, and they may see around them bodies battered and twisted out of all human shape. All the more are they anxious to testify that there is no fury in their hearts with each other, and that their one wish is to make the supreme parting with prayers and words of loving kindness on their lips. I have had from a French officer, who was wounded in a cavalry charge early in the war, an account of a pathetic incident which took place close to where he lay. Among his companions in affliction were two who were far gone on the way to death. One was a private in the Uhlans and the other a private in the Royal Irish Dragoons. The Irishman got, with a painful effort, from an inside pocket of his tunie a rosary of beads which had a crucifix attached to it. Then he commenced to mutter to himself the invocations to the Blessed Virgin, of which the Rosary is composed. "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus." The German, lying huddled close by, stirred with the uneasy movements of a man weak from pain and loss of blood on hearing the murmur of prayer, and, looking round in a dazed condition, the sight of the beads in the hands of his fellow in distress seemed to recall to his mind other times and different circumstances

—family prayers at home somewhere in Bavaria, and Sunday evening devotions in church—for he made, in his own tongue, the response to the invocation: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now at the hour of our death. Amen." So the voices intermingled in address and prayer—the rapt ejaculations of the Irishman, the deep guttural of the

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German—getting weaker and weaker, in the process of dissolution, until they were hushed on earth forevermore.

War has, outwardly, lost its romance with its color and pageantry. It is bloody, ugly, and horrible. Yet romance is not dead. It still survives, radiant and glowing, in the heroic achievements of our soldiers, and in the tender fancies of their hearts.

Stephen Stapleton.

CHRISTINA'S SON.

By W. M. LETTS.

* CHAPTER III.

During the next weeks Christina passed through that curious stage which follows an engagement. She experienced to the full Society's convention.

Popular interest has always been concentrated on those who are about to marry or about to die. The marriage jest is presumably as ancient as the world; perhaps the serpent made it originally at the expense of Adam and Eve. No amount of experience of the profound solemnity and danger of this union of two lives frightens Society out of its jesting and congratulation.

Christina was now a being set apart. Those who had seen her as what she was, a very ordinary young woman, looked at her with new interest. Other women gazed at her with a sort of awe. She had, as it were, passed a competitive examination; some one had found her meet to be a life partner. Her diamond ring was the hall-mark of success.

They came, week by week, ringing at the bell and asking if Mrs. Merridew were at home. They had come to congratulate both mother and daughter. They sipped their tea and gazed at Christina. When they said good-bye they pressed her hand and said, "How happy you must be."

"How silly," thought Christina; "they must know that I'm miserable."

Letters came by every post. All her brothers wrote, and her three sisters-in-law.

"What good news," they said; "we do congratulate you. How happy you must be." The servants treated Christina with new respect. They loved to see her ring flash. She was no longer ordinary, she was interesting and romantic, and inspired others with hope, for if Christina, why not these others?

Those who knew Mark Travis congratulated her sincerely. "He's a good fellow," they said; "you'll be happy with him."

Her real thoughts and feelings the girl kept to herself. She shrank from discussing them with her mother. For it seemed to her that Mrs. Merridew had forgotten the standpoint of youth. Christina believed but half-heartedly in the tepid, cautious judgments of old age. Yet she realized that generation after generation comes to the same conclusion, and that always the old have given the same counsels to heedless youth.

Christina's only comforter was her old school friend, Margaret Bailey, who lived near by. Margaret knew her as thoroughly as one schoolgirl knows another. They had looked into

each other's souls with calm scrutiny but had remained friends. Together they had loved, together they had sought the same shrines. Elder girls and school-mistresses had been the first to receive that gush of blind, ardent adoration whose source is the schoolgirl breast. They had confessed to each other shy, pure passions for unknown curates, even for grocers' assistants. Their mutual cognizance of the profound folly of their hearts had established a true free-masonry between them. Together they had gone circuitous ways to school on foolish pretexts that covered a longing to see some door or window from whence the beloved might peer. Together they had lingered at shop windows choosing imaginary presents for the dear object. They plumb the sentimentality of their girlish love and found it fifty fathoms deep.

When each was really in love she grew shy and reticent, and only the symptoms were noted by the other. Christina's heartbreak, though it was apparent to Margaret, was not mentioned for long. There were periods of silence followed by a thunderstorm of confidence.

One of these storms took place on a February morning when Christina was cutting oranges for marmalade. She sat, clothed in a big apron, by the dining-room table. Her parents were out.

Margaret came in glowing from the cold air. She cast aside her coat and sat down to help her friend. They talked of indifferent matters for a time. Then Margaret said, "How pretty your ring is."

"Do you think so? Yes, I suppose it is. I don't think I care for a diamond bar myself."

"But it's very grand. Very expensive I should think. If my Herbert ever proposes to me he won't be able to afford anything more than turquoises or garnets."

"I'd as soon have garnets and—"

"And what?"

"Oh! nothing; I don't know. Why have you never congratulated me, Margaret? You haven't! You're the only one who hasn't told me how lucky I am and how happy I must be."

"Well, I know you're not happy."

"But you know I ought to be."

"I don't know. How can a girl be happy who is going to take a step that alters all her life, upsets all her old conventions, and brings her responsibilities greater than she can guess?"

Christina continued to chop oranges.

"That is it," she answered; "then why does everyone joke about marriage? Why has the convention grown up that a bride should be so happy? If she has any sense of responsibility she must be overwhelmed."

"I suppose if you love you can face it."

Christina threw her knife down.

"Oh! that is it," she answered. "Why don't I? Why don't I? Margaret, I hate myself so. When I look into my heart I see myself as a worm—some poor, blind, groveling thing."

Margaret opened her gray eyes wide.

"Why?" she asked: "I don't suppose you're worse than other people. If you don't love Mr. Travis, you can't help it."

"But if he had dark wavy hair and large eyes I *should* love him. If he were tall and had nice black eyebrows, and a sudden flashing smile, I should love him. If his collars were different—if his coat didn't look baggy, if—oh! what a wretched creature I am. I can't see his soul because his face is ordinary."

"Yes," said Margaret, "he is ordinary. I think he's very nice indeed . . . very nice. As a husband I'm sure he'll be delightful. But one can't imagine him a lover. Poor Chris! don't be angry with yourself. I think we're all like that."

"Do you think so? I can't believe that anyone is so petty and horrid as I am. The heart of woman is infinitely wicked."

"Then don't think about it. I'm sure it's best not to look at one's thoughts when they're ugly. No one goes about without their clothes, and no one should go about in their minds. I think where conventions are kind and decent one should stick to them. Really, Chris, truth is much better at the bottom of the well."

"Then you think it'll be all right to go on?"

"If there's no one else I think it will be all right when it's done."

"If one could only try it for a year."

"'Till death us do part.' Yes, it does frighten one. I don't wonder that the wedding service is so severe."

"For myself I think that people about to be married should fast for a month, and then be clothed in sack-cloth with ashes on their heads, and so come to the church where all the guests should be in black. That would show the seriousness of it."

Margaret laughed; but Christina having relieved some of the burden of her mind had grown more cheerful.

"If one weren't expected to be so happy it wouldn't be so bad," she said, "but it seems so hard to be miserable at what should be the happiest time of one's life. If one didn't want to be happy one would be happier."

Margaret, who had little taste for paradox, was silent.

Christina developed her idea, groping her way along the well-beaten track of saints and sages.

"To get outside oneself—that is happiness. People who are absorbed in some work or interest are happy because they leave themselves behind. Very good people who live horrid lives, that we should hate, they are happy. They have forgotten all the cravings and restlessness and dissatisfaction of being themselves. I used to think at one time when . . . when I was very unhappy, that I should like to be a Stoic philosopher and cease to feel anything, pain or happiness."

"That would be wrong," said Margaret shortly; "how unsympathetic you'd be. It's better to feel and to be miserable than not to feel. I'm sure of that, though I've never read a word of philosophy."

Christina continued her work. A wholesome sense of duty carried her from one day to the next. A life of detail kept her from too much consideration of abstract problems. In an artistic household Christina would have been more original and more interesting, but she would have acquired less common sense and restraint. The week-days went their jog-trot round of housekeeping, sewing, visiting, and attention to her father. Sunday was her lover's day. He came from Manchester on Saturday afternoon, and stayed at "Avalon" till Sunday evening. His visits soon acquired a certain routine. Christina and he went for a walk on Saturday afternoon. After supper, she played the piano. Mark Travis showed a marked preference for the Blue Danube Waltz. Polkas roused him to a "Bravo! that's jolly," while Chopin left him cold. In songs he liked a very obvious order of sentiment set to a popular tune. He was moved by ballads of orphans dying in the snow, and love songs of a caramel quality. The tune must be beaten out distinctly, chords in the bass and the melody in the treble. For him beauty was obvious, simple and very sweet. He was nervously ready with his praise lest Christina should think him unappreciative of her talent. And she, in ironic mood, would give him the obvious song and the insistent waltz, and would keep real music for tempestuous seasons of solitude.

On Sunday the affianced pair accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Merridew to church.

Mr. Merridew was a church warden. He had a strong sense of duty to the Church of his fathers. Unless it rained very severely, or he had lumbago, he always went out to Morning Prayer. He was bitterly scornful of those who called the service "Mattins."

On the first Sunday of the month he, his wife and daughter, waited for the celebration of Holy Communion which followed after Morning Prayer. It would have seemed to Mr. Merridew almost wrong to communicate on any Sunday but the first. Although he was a fierce foe to what he called "ritualistic nonsense," he was a born ritualist, as perhaps every human being is and will be till time is done. He was as much a ritualist as the old spaniel who never settled to sleep without his three turns, in honor of some primeval forefather. The in-born reverence for certain habits and methods approved by time was strong in the old man, but he detested the ritual of others.

Had anyone dared to exchange the alms-dish over the altar for a cross, Mr. Merridew would have grown indignant. The alms-dish had become part of the order of things and it is likely that the old man would have gone steadfastly to martyrdom for its sake. He would, no doubt, have died loyally for the eagle in preference to any other style of lectern. Dimly he believed that the Church of St. Etheldreda was representative of the belief of his fathers. He fancied that for this, just this, no more and no less, the fires of Smithfield had been kindled.

He had heard vaguely of the Oxford Movement, and he condemned it in two words as an innovation. He feared the Pope as his father had feared Bonaparte. On the other hand, he had a rooted dislike for Non-

conformity. To him a gentleman must be an English churchman. The Almighty had, it was clear, created the Church of England and established it safely, so that English gentlemen might have a faith entirely suited to themselves. No gentleman could be a dissenter. This he thought obvious. Among the phenomena of life was the fact that certain old families were born Roman Catholics, a freak of heredity to his mind. But he sympathized with those who upheld the tradition. What was good enough for the grandfather was good enough for the grandson; he set his face against innovations.

There was something impressive in the old man's erect bearing as he walked up the church and took the corner seat of the pew, shutting the oak door carefully after him. His was neither the attitude of the Pharisee nor of the Publican, it was the attitude of the good son who stands respectful but unshamed in his Father's presence.

He listened to the service attentively. He would discuss it thoroughly at the Sunday dinner. He was very critical, and disliked anything strange or fantastic or modern in the discourse. At the last hymn he rose, took the plate from behind him and went forth to collect the alms of the faithful. When he reached the chancel steps, he always deposited half a crown on the pile. This was his ritual, and he adhered to it loyally.

Christina had grown up to accept this order of things. It did not satisfy her, but she was scarcely aware of dissatisfaction. She had not the piety nor the concentration of her parents, and she wearied of the long service. There was no artistic or emotional appeal in the plain church with its bare walls, its ugly windows, its heavy gas chandeliers and well-cushioned pews.

There were here no aids to worship. If the soul had not the spiritual faculty to soar upwards, leaving the things of sense behind, it must remain groveling.

The only sight that roused her imagination was the rector himself. He was of the school that is called Evangelical, a man who wore the black stole in church and the white tie out of it. He had never spoken of himself as a priest, but the fire of priesthood was in his soul. He was of those who through all the ages show the world that they "have been with Jesus."

When he prayed, he spoke to God face to face; when he preached, his love of souls made him passionately eloquent. Mr. Merridew frequently disapproved of him, found him excitable, over-ardent, but at these times Christina loved him. It was the priest in him that drew out her shrinking soul.

Often when he preached she made up her mind to seek him out, to lay her perplexities before him, to show him the queer little, troubled, restless thing that was her conscience. But how could she go? She wanted to find him in church in that official position that makes confidence possible. But in the vestry she would run against church-wardens and the like. No, she could not go there. She might, she reflected, seek him at the rectory, but that involved ringing the bell and meeting a servant. It would have something of the nature of a call about it, whereas she wanted an impersonal interview on some plane above the social.

Week after week passed and her marriage became more inevitable, yet she never had courage to seek out the rector. Had she known it he often grieved that he knew so little of his younger parishioners. He prepared them for confirmation at an age when

the self-consciousness of the hobblede-hoy stage was upon them, and the simplicity of childhood had passed. For a short time he knew a little of them. They came to him one by one, and he sought earnestly to establish a spiritual relationship with them. Often by force of his essential priestliness he attained it for the half-hour of the interview. Then they were confirmed, and he lost touch with them. A shy smile in the street, a timid handclasp, a few polite answers to his questions—that was all he knew of the souls in his keeping, unless illness brought them in need of his ministry. Yet he passionately desired something better. His responsibility weighed him down. In the case of Christina, he would willingly have given counsel and help, but he only met her in her mother's drawing-room. He congratulated her, thinking what a nice, fresh, good girl she was, of that sane and happy type from which the rank of British matrons is recruited. She seemed so serene and orderly as she sat there doing some fine needlework while Mrs. Merridew talked. Mr. Merridew came in presently, all indignation about the growth of auricular confession in the Church of England.

"I'd never let a daughter of mine go to confession," he declared; "a girl ought to confess to her mother. Monkey-tricks!" He glared fiercely at Christina, who was listening attentively.

The rector considered.

"Yet I believe it is helpful to many souls," he said; "there does — . I often think it . . . seem some natural instinct in people that urges them to tell out what they are to some discreet person. You need not call it confession, but you will find that the Salvation Army and many other religious bodies encourage this disburdening of the soul."

"It's the thin edge of the wedge,"

said Mr. Merridew; "it means priestcraft and tyranny and nobody calling their souls their own. I should be very sorry to see any relation of mine going to confession."

"I see many dangers," the rector answered, "formality, a shelving of responsibility and the like, and yet I have to admit some considerable good in a voluntary confession."

He looked up and met Christina's eyes. A curious sense of looking into the girl's soul came over him. He wished he knew her better. But Mrs. Merridew was speaking.

"We hope you will marry our Christina," she was saying. "I think she's too shy to ask you herself. The Friday before Whit Sunday we thought, for that gives her Mark the Whit week holiday."

"I shall be delighted," he answered, smiling at the girl. She dropped her eyes, flushed, and said, "Thank you." He went on to ask questions about her future home, and was told that Travis had received an excellent appointment in Westhampton—"not so very far away after all," said Mr. Merridew.

"Oh! we shall see her very often," the mother answered.

Christina rose abruptly and left the room. Her father nodded his white head.

(To be continued.)

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD" AND ITS INTERPRETERS*

The strange coincidences in the deaths of the two greatest Victorian novelists have naturally excited frequent notice. Both Thackeray and

*1. *Watched by the Dead*. By R. A. Proctor. (London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1887.)

2. *The Puzzle of Dickens' Last Plot*. By Andrew Lang. (London: Chapman and Hall. 1905.)

3. *Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood*. By J. Cuming Walters. (London: Chapman and Hall. 1905.)

4. *Keys to the Drood Mystery*. By Edwin Charles. (London: Collier and Co. 1908.)

5. *About Edwin Drood*. By H[enry]J[ackson]. (Cambridge University Press. 1910.)

"She's an affectionate girl," he explained; "she can't bear the thought of leaving her mother and me. The only girl, you see, rector. It's a dreadful parting to us all; but there, the Bible says it must be, and so we must make the best of it."

"She's a little overstrained," said Mrs. Merridew; "an engagement tries a girl very much. I'm sure I went to a skeleton, didn't I, papa?"

The rector rose to go.

"I suppose Miss Christina wouldn't care to come and talk over her future with me?" he asked diffidently; "sometimes young people like to consult a clergyman."

Mrs. Merridew shook his hand warmly.

"Thank you, rector, thank you, but really I think the child needs distraction. She's rather over-nervous just now. I go on the plan of keeping her busy with trifles and never talking of anything serious."

"I see—of course you know her best, but if she should want a little talk with me, I shall be at her service any time at my house or here."

The door closed behind him. Christina peeping through her window saw him go.

"Oh! if only I dared run after him," she whispered.

Dickens died suddenly; both left an unfinished story in course of or partly ready for publication (as also did R. L. Stevenson). Thackeray left of *Denis Duval* enough to make about

6. *The Problem of Edwin Drood*. By Sir William Robertson Nicoll. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1912.)

7. *The Mystery in the Drood Family*. By Montagu Saunders. (Cambridge University Press. 1914.)

8. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. With Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. "Everyman's Library." (London: J. M. Dent and Co. Ltd. 1915.)

three and a half numbers of his usual instalment of a novel in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Dickens had issued three of his monthly "green leaves"—as he calls them—out of the twelve agreed for of *Edwin Drood*, and left just enough for three more prepared in proof or manuscript.

But here the strange parallel changes into a stranger contrast. About the intended story of *Denis Duval* there is no room for any great doubt, nor can anyone ever have felt excited about it. About *Weir of Hermiston* there is more doubt, but little scope for dispute. But as to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* a keen dispute began on the very day that it was made known that the story could never be finished. And now, forty-six years afterwards, when the book is out of copyright, we have a succession of books, many of them by very distinguished men, as well as many very ably conducted debates in magazines, most of the disputants positively asserting that their own solution of the *Mystery* is the only one conceivable. Sir W. R. Nicoll has no less than six pages of bibliography of the subject up to 1912, now much increased. There is no parallel to it in the case of any other work of fiction in the world.

It is not my object in the present article to put forward any new theory as to the intended ending, or as to who Mr. Datchery really is. Indeed it would be difficult to find any character in the book, except those in whose company he has actually appeared, with whom that gentleman has not been identified—unless it be Miss Twinkleton or Mr. Honey-thunder. I simply propose to state the different solutions that have been proposed, and to show how far each of these is possible. I rely most of all on the existent indications in the book itself; secondly, on such external evidence as remains; and,

thirdly, on the parallels with other works of Dickens as showing a probable inclination or reluctance presumably to be found in his mind. This last is obviously of a much more subjective character than the other two, and, as will be seen, sometimes leads people to directly opposite convictions. It must therefore only be used as at best fortifying conclusions already suggested by the direct evidence.

Now the "mystery," it is agreed, resolves itself mainly into two points. First, had Jasper really murdered Edwin, as he, admittedly, believed he had done? Secondly, who was Datchery? There are several important subordinate questions; especially what was to be the function of the betrothal-ring, and what connection "Princess Puffer" had with Jasper's previous life. But these are concerned more with the discovery of the mystery than with its existence. It is better to keep the main questions distinct.

I.

WAS EDWIN REALLY MURDERED OR NOT?

Here we come to a most remarkable conflict of opinion among those who have both studied the question thoroughly and know their Dickens well. Forster, Mr. J. C. Walters, and Sir W. R. Nicoll say positively that he was; Proctor and Mr. Lang, equally decidedly, that he was not. Dr. Jackson and Mr. Saunders, with wiser caution, believe that he was murdered, but allow that both theories are admissible.

The possibility of this curious divergence about the very heart of the "mystery" itself is caused by the fact that the book gives no certain indication whatever. Every word in it has been pondered by commentators eager to find props to their own

theories, but nothing can be quoted in evidence. Edwin in Chapter xiv simply disappears. There is not a single word in all the subsequent part which is not just as applicable to the murder if Jasper only supposed that he had accomplished it, as if he really had done so. Edwin's watch and pin, which were caught in the weir, had been taken, but that would equally have been done if Edwin had merely been stunned. Hence our commentators have to fall back on their inner consciousness as to what Dickens would have been sure to do—whether Edwin, as they say, was "marked" for life or death. It is amusing to see how exactly the judgment on this question of taste corresponds with what each writer takes to be the plot. To Mr. Proctor "there are touches in the chapters of *Edwin Drood* preceding Edwin's disappearance which show anyone who understands Dickens' manner and has an ear for the music of his words, that Edwin Drood is not actually to be killed." To Mr. Walters, on the contrary, Edwin "is entirely uninteresting. . . . He is certainly not of the class that either Dickens or his readers would care to survive." Here we are in the thick of the Higher Criticism.

We turn therefore next to the external evidence. That, in the present case, is limited practically to two heads—the consideration of the picture-cover must for the present be postponed—namely, first, the statements made, or understood to be made (an important qualification) by Dickens to Forster and others; and, secondly, the various titles for the book, which were always very carefully weighed beforehand by Dickens himself.

First, let us take the statements. The chief of these is the one reported by Forster, which, if accepted as entirely accurate, and as intended by Dickens to be a summary, would leave

us with no mystery at all worth five minutes' discussion. It is clear that it has not generally been so accepted, or the numerous books on *Edwin Drood* would never have been written.

Forster's statement* needs the closest attention. It is that in a letter of August 6, 1869, Dickens wrote: "I have a very curious and new idea for my new story. Not a communicable idea (or the interest of the book would be gone), but a very strong one, though difficult to work." Forster, however, must have instantly asked for the secret which was both incomunicable and would if disclosed destroy the interest of the book, for he goes on:

the story, I learned immediately afterwards, was to be that of the murder of a nephew by his uncle; the originality of which was to consist in the review of the murderer's career by himself at the close. . . . The last chapters were to be written in the condemned cell, to which his wickedness, all elaborately elicited from him as if told of another, had brought him.

Now is it possible that anyone can think after reading the book, as Forster before it was written appears patiently to have accepted, that the very strong but incomunicable idea was simply Jasper's review of his career at the close? It is just about the same as if we were to say that the story of *Oliver Twist* rested on the very powerful scene of Fagin in the condemned cell. The conclusion which, I submit, is pointed to, is the very different one suggested by the words italicized above, that Dickens meant to keep his secret from Forster, as he did from everybody else. Possibly Forster had rubbed in too emphatically the over-early revelation of the main plot in *Our Mutual Friend*. In any case to have asked for the plot, after so strong an intimation that he must not do so, was indiscreet at best, and

**Life*, xi. 2.

Forster seems not to have been a model of discreetness. The reply seems to show a skeleton of facts, entirely borne out by the story as we have it, but to give no solution whatever of the "mystery." The latter part of the words above, it must be carefully noted, gives not *ipsissima verba* of Dickens, but what Forster "learned afterwards," and might have only indicated the attempted murder. That Jasper was in a condemned cell proves nothing, because according to Forster's own sketch, "Neville Landless was, I think, to have perished" (this is borne out by several points in the story) "in assisting Tartar finally to unmask and seize the murderer." Indeed it is only possible by a murder of someone thrown down from the tower of the Cathedral—which in the case of Edwin himself is excluded—to explain Jasper's ejaculations in the opium den. "Look down, look down, you see what lies at the bottom there!" "Look at it. Look what a poor, mean, miserable thing it is. That must be real . . . and yet I never saw *that* before." So the argument about the condemned cell crumbles altogether away.

We may take it as one of the few quite certain points about the ending, that Jasper was to be found guilty of murder, and condemned to death. For not only have we the Forster sketch of the plot, which, as we shall see, needs some discounting, but Sir Luke Fildes (who, apparently, strongly believes that the murder was intended to have been really effected) was to have been taken by Dickens "to a condemned cell in Maidstone or some other gaol, in order that he might make a drawing." But the murder of Neville Landless, who by the agreement of nearly all commentators is to be got rid of—it is the *only* point in which they almost all

agree—equally serves this purpose for the story. The proof therefore that Jasper was to die on the scaffold (or, more probably, in the condemned cell) is only, at best, corroborative evidence that the murder was that of Edwin Drood.

The latest interpreter, Mr. Saunders, contends with much plausibility that the "incommunicable idea" was that of Jasper unwittingly helping to convict himself by every step that he took to procure the destruction of Neville. His diary ends

I swear that I will fasten the crime
of the murder of my dear dead boy
upon the murderer; and, that I devote
myself to his destruction.

This is really a valuable contribution, because for the first time it explains the point of the seemingly useless diary, and helps in explanation of the strange emphasis laid on Edwin's non-delivery of the ring.

Mr. Andrew Lang, who is supported by Mr. C. K. Shorter in *The Sphere*, then introduces a further complication. They both believe, and with some evidence, that Dickens changed his plot in the course of writing. This is a possibility which has seriously to be reckoned with. In the case of *Great Expectations* it, admittedly, was actually what was done. Bulwer Lytton and—of all people in the world—Thomas Carlyle objected to the natural and intended close which left Pip a solitary man, and Dickens substituted the hasty and banal reunion of Pip and Estella. "I have no doubt," Dickens wrote to Forster, "that the story will be more acceptable through the alteration." The almost universal desire of the British reading public for a happy ending was too strong for the artistic instincts of the author. So again, it has always been a moot point whether the monstrously impossible part of a miser

played by Mr. Boffin in *Our Mutual Friend*, solely to teach Bella that the love of money is the root of all evil, could have been part of the deliberate scheme of the book. Forster's account of *Our Mutual Friend* is much shorter than that of any of the other great books, whereas it might have been expected to be fuller, because it is nearer in date to his own writing of the biography. There are traces, too, that Forster had here overstepped the line of acceptable criticism; and this may have suggested the important sentence about the "not communicable" nature of the idea of *Edwin Drood*. But Mr. Shorter clearly goes far beyond the evidence when he says that "undoubtedly Dickens started with the intention of killing Drood, and told Forster so." For, in the first place, this is not only doubted but flatly denied by half of the critics who have written upon the point. In the second place, Forster does not say that Dickens told him so, but only that he "learned immediately afterwards"—he does not say from whom or in what exact words—that the plot "was to be that of a murder of a nephew by his uncle"—thus leaving a double loophole of escape from the statement. But Mr. Lang is within the evidence when he says that "if Dickens had seen hopes of getting more material and more interest out of a living than out of a dead Edwin Drood he had not burned his boats; he could produce Edwin alive." Here again we come full tilt against one of the numerous *impasses* of the story. It seems almost impossible to believe that if the completed murder of Edwin was intended from the first, Dickens could by any chance have avoided accidentally "burning his boats" in even a single sentence that could be brought forward.

Beyond Forster's evidence, which, as we have seen, falls far short of

proving his conclusions, there is very little to be discovered in the way of direct statement to anybody. But it is passing strange that Sir Luke Fildes* should think that Dickens is accused of moral obliquity because he gave evasive answers or dropped misleading hints about his secret. Has Sir Luke never read about Sir Walter Scott—most upright of men—and the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*? The *Times* reviewer had remarked, perfectly fairly:

Nor do we attach much importance to any of the hints Dickens dropped, whether to John Forster, to any member of his family, or to either of his illustrators. He was very anxious that his secret should not be guessed, and the hints which he dropped may very well have been intentionally misleading.

Mr. Fildes had asked about the thick silk neckerchief going twice round Jasper's neck, which no doubt was rather troublesome to the artist; and Dickens, after saying "he was afraid he was getting on too fast," exclaimed "It is necessary, for Jasper strangles Edwin Drood with it." There is evasion here, but of a perfectly justifiable kind, and no "deceit is lightly attributed to him." It proves that Jasper was to "strangle" Edwin, a point which naturally was to be kept secret before the event; but, as before, strangling is not identical with murdering. Here again the supposed direct statement proves to be a blind alley.

The only other piece of direct evidence that I can find is that Dickens appears to have said to one of his family when too much seemed to be taken for granted, that he had called it "The Mystery," not "The History," of Edwin Drood.

It is worth while at this point to glance at the alternative titles taken into consideration, seeing how much

**The Times*, November 4, 1905.

importance Dickens always assigned to his titles. There are no fewer than sixteen experimental ones in the MS. volume at South Kensington. Some of these, such as "Flight and Pursuit," "The Two Kinsmen," are meant to convey nothing of the plot. Most of them are only varieties of the title adopted, and one of these, "Dead or Alive?" plainly indicates, though without solution, in what the mystery lay. But two of them, "The Flight of Edwin Drood," and—still more—"Edwin Drood in Hiding," create a very strong presumption in favor of the theory that Edwin was not really murdered.

The only remaining evidence, apart from each man's subjective impressions as to what Dickens would be sure to do, consists in the celebrated cover of the original monthly parts. It is not celebrated for its artistic merits; indeed it contrasts rather painfully with the delicate and finished work of Sir Luke Fildes. But it is the work of Charles Collins, Dickens' son-in-law, a younger brother of Wilkie Collins, who abandoned the profession of arts for that of letters, in which he had somewhat greater success, and it was drawn under Dickens' own direction. Sir Luke Fildes himself has explicitly made the important statement,*

Collins told me he did not in the least know the significance of the various groups in the design; that they were drawn from instructions given by Charles Dickens, and not from any text.

We have come back, therefore, to the fountain-head, and the cover ought to have contained a decisive, if hidden key to the mystery. But alas! the sketchy drawings, "not from any text," only lead us up another blind alley, since several of them, including the most important final scene, are interpreted in wholly

different ways! They need, therefore, the closest examination.

The cover may be taken as divided into seven scenes. The two upper corners—allegorical figures of Comedy and Tragedy—and the two lower corners—the old hag and a Chinaman smoking opium pipes—may be passed as undisputed. So also may the scene over the title—Jasper behind the procession of choristers going down one side of the Cathedral nave, and looking at Edwin and Rosa (both of whom have a bored expression) on the other side. Even here, however, Mr. Lang, with all the solemnity of italics, notes that Edwin "*like Datchery, does not wear, but carries his hat.*" Alas for the clue! The rest of us men, also, like Datchery, do not wear our hats in church. But Jasper, it should be noted, has black whiskers, as in the text.

The other three little vignettes are disputed on more reasonable grounds. The first of these represents a woman—the features are too vague to entitle one to say a *girl*—with streaming hair and a lamentable deficiency of clothing above the waist, who is staring at a placard headed "Lost." This might just possibly be, as Mr. Lang calls it, "an allegorical figure," though why an allegorical figure should be obtruded among the actual scenes from the book is hard to imagine. But it does almost make one gasp to learn that any human being could—except in defense of a thesis, for which case Aristotle wisely allows much latitude—take this to be a representation (of this Dr. Jackson is "sure") of Rosa's "flight" from Miss Twinkleton's school to see her guardian, Mr. Grewgious. That "flight" consisted in packing a small handbag, walking to the railway omnibus "at the corner," and proceeding in it to the station! One can hardly be "sure" about anything in

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this cover. But at least an interpretation within reasonable bounds is that it refers to the past life of Jasper which was to have been disclosed; and suggests that the reason of the Princess Puffer in hunting Jasper down was to have been something like that of Good Mrs. Brown with Carker in *Dombeey and Son*.

The vignette underneath this seems fairly obvious, but again we come to the most perverse interpretation. It consists of a girl—nobody apparently has questioned that this is Rosa—who, without much enthusiasm perhaps, but certainly without struggling, is allowing a kneeling young man to kiss her hand. The most natural interpretation is that this is Neville taking his farewell of Rosa, in a scene which had not yet occurred in the published part. It might just possibly have been meant for the farewell of Edwin, though Edwin did not kneel, and his kissing was not on the hand, if it were not that the same face appears again in the opposite picture.

But one becomes almost hopeless of securing an agreed interpretation of any of the pictures on finding that Dr. Jackson actually takes this to represent the scene of Jasper and Rosa—perhaps the most powerful scene of the book—in the garden of the Nuns' House! In that, it will be remembered, Jasper only once touches Rosa, and that is with his offered hand, from which she shrinks into the seat, when he says "I will come no nearer to you than I am." Dr. Jackson may perhaps get over this scene on the ground of very imperfect instructions to Collins. He might, possibly, put down Rosa's acquiescence to very feeble drawing—much worse than Collins was guilty of. But there is no possible way by which the black-whiskered Jasper of the Cathedral could become the whiskerless, mustached young man at Rosa's feet.

Really he should get a magnifying glass, and look at the pictures again, when he could not but admit his interpretation to be hopeless.

The scene on the right-hand side consists of two run into one. It is of a spiral staircase, no doubt that of the Cathedral tower so often mentioned, on which are three figures. The lowest one, wearing a clerical hat and collar, cannot be anyone but Crisparkle. The uppermost one, *with finger pointing to the Cathedral scene of Jasper and Edwin*, has exactly the same face and curly hair, parted in the middle, as the lover in the opposite scene—which at least proves that Collins kept to his characters, and does not make Jasper put his black whiskers on and off at pleasure—and is thus apparently fixed for Neville Landless. The intermediate one has his face half hidden behind a pillar, but it seems to be a man in a bowler hat, taller than either Crisparkle or Landless. This is naturally taken by most interpreters to be Tartar, whose sailor-like qualities of climbing in perilous places are obviously intended to be utilized. Mr. Lang makes the quite impossible suggestion that it might be old Mr. Grewgious. But Dr. Jackson again achieves an interpretation which might well have been thought inconceivable. He takes both the clergyman and the curly-haired young man to be Jasper, on two different occasions, and the tall, active man to be Durdles, the drunken old stone-mason! After this one has almost to abandon the cover as giving any clue that will satisfy everybody. We must be content to pass over a minority of one.

Last comes the important picture at the foot, in which Jasper (again very black and whiskered) revisits the vault, and there, undisputedly, is gazing aghast at the figure of Edwin Drood awaiting him. This on the face

of it would seem to be a clinching argument for those who maintain that Edwin was not killed, and Mr. Proctor and Mr. Lang are justified in making a very strong point of it. But the other interpreters must all be regarded as counsel retained for their own particular theory, and bound to combat every other as best they may. Thus Mr. Charles, since he maintains that Edwin was murdered, thinks it was "one of the spectres of the night." Mr. Walters and Sir W. R. Nicoll dauntlessly throw all resemblances overboard and maintain that this is the dark-skinned Helena "in the character of Datchery." Dr. Jackson, though he accepts the Helena "assumption," for once admits the obvious drawing, and falls back on the theory of it being a ghostly imagination, even seeing something "a little shadowy" in the figure, as might well be expected of one seen in a vault at night. So again we are brought up against another blind wall, and even the famous cover, which looks as if it must be so decisive, helps us little towards a general agreement.

The only remaining evidence is circumstantial, and that centers chiefly in the betrothal-ring which Edwin had in his breast-pocket on the fatal night. Undoubtedly the ring was to be a decisive clue. Forster's statement is as follows:

All discovery of the murder was to be baffled till towards the close, when by means of a gold ring which had resisted the corrosive effects of the lime into which he had thrown the body, not only the person murdered was to be identified, but the locality of the crime, and the man who committed it.

How the ring could prove these two latter points passes all imagination. But again we must remember that there is no evidence that this comes from Dickens himself; Forster, as

was shown above, merely, "learned immediately afterwards," and when Dickens was away from home.

The book itself, however, in a forced and crudely melodramatic passage, insists upon the part of the ring and its jewels.

Why should I tell her [Rosa] of it? . . . Let them be. Let them be unspoken of in his breast. However distinctly or indistinctly he entertained these thoughts, he arrived at the conclusion, Let them be. Among the mighty store of wonderful chains that are forever forging, day and night, in the vast ironworks of time and circumstance, there was one small chain, forged in the moment of that small conclusion, riveted to the foundations of heaven and earth, and gifted with invincible force to hold and to drag.

The importance of all this for the *dénouement* is beyond question. But it must be noticed that it is not the retention of the ring which in that moment was resolved on, but to let it remain unspoken of. Again, this emphasized passage makes Jasper's attempt certain, but gives no clue as to its success, only as to its eventual detection.

Thus in whatever direction of evidence we turn—Dickens' own proved statements, his supposed indications given at second-hand, the indications in the book itself after the minutest search of opposing critics, the analogy of the great author's earlier works, the "feeling" impressed upon his closest students, and even the title-drawing done under his own direction—all alike lead us to some place where the tracks are absolutely lost, and opinions remain just as divided as on the first impression. A slight majority perhaps of the critics who have made a study of the book think decidedly that Edwin was not murdered. But a considerable minority

are equally certain that he was, and neither side can find any decisive proof. Now in the case of an author so careless as Dickens generally was of scientific detail, while so keen to reserve any melodramatic points, so liable also by his method of monthly numbers to fall into small contradictions never intended, the one rational conclusion is that he deliberately left the *dénouement* open, and with the greatest possible care avoided blocking his own way towards either solution, as he might hereafter see best. The mystery of Edwin Drood, therefore, Dickens carried to the grave, because even he had not himself solved it finally.

II.

WHO WAS DATCHERY?

The second question raised by the book—the identity of Datchery—is a problem of the most curious interest, and of a perplexity of opposing circumstantial evidence, reminding us of insoluble cases like that of Eliza Fenning or the Sydenham murders. It differs from the central problem about Edwin in allowing, not one, but several conceivable solutions. It is connected with it, not only as being obviously the prime detecting agency, but because if Datchery is Edwin himself, the main point of the mystery is settled.

Datchery has been explained by critics in at least eight different ways. (1) As a character that has not yet been introduced (*Athenaeum*, April 1 and 8, 1911); (2) a detective or a lawyer employed by Grewgious (*Cornhill Magazine*, March, 1884, and Mr. Saunders); (3) Neville Landless (F. C. B., in *Cambridge Review*, 1906); (4) Grewgious (Mr. Percy Fitzgerald); (5) Tartar (Mr. G. F. Gadd, *Dickensian*, vol. ii); (6) Bazzard (Mr. Edwin Charles, and many others); (7) Helena Landless (Mr. J. C. Wal-

ters, Dr. Jackson, and Sir W. Robertson Nicoll); (8) Edwin Drood himself (Mr. Proctor and Mr. Andrew Lang).

The first four of these may be ruled out of court without much ceremony. When the *Athenaeum* reviewer assumes that the book might be as long as *Dombey and Son* he was evidently not aware that exactly half of *Edwin Drood*—six out of the twelve parts of so many pages each mentioned in the contract with Chapman and Hall—had already appeared. There is room enough for new characters to appear, but Datchery, in Dickens' own phrase to Miss Hogarth, is an "assumption." This also disposes of the suggestion that he is merely a detective, sent by Grewgious. Real detectives do not go out of their way to attract attention, and Datchery was clearly a gentleman of education and position. Mr. Saunders greatly improved this, by making him one of the firm of Mr. Grewgious' solicitors, below his rooms in Staple Inn, who have twice been mentioned. In this case, the shock of white hair would probably not be a wig, and would thus avoid the difficulty of his perpetually shaking it. But then what is the "assumption"? That he was Neville Landless can hardly have been seriously argued, though the initials given above suggest a distinguished Theological Professor. Anything more unlike the easy, bantering Datchery than the gloomy, uninteresting Neville cannot be imagined. Moreover, while Datchery is hunting for evidence against Jasper at Cloisterham, Jasper himself is shadowing Neville in Staple Inn, and is being shadowed in turn by Grewgious and Tartar. The identification with the "angular" old Mr. Grewgious is, if possible, even more ridiculous.

A better case is made out by Mr. Gadd in the *Dickensian* for Datchery

being Tartar. Tartar had retired from the navy to inherit his uncle's fortune, and really was, like Datchery, "a single buffer, of easy temper, living idly on his means," while his breezy style of address has a good deal that recalls Datchery. His assuming a disguise at all at Cloisterham, where he was a stranger, is quite unnecessary, but may perhaps be only due to Dickens' melodramatic instincts. Dr. Jackson dismisses the theory as wholly impossible, but the apparently fatal bar—that Datchery appears at Cloisterham in Chapter xviii and only meets Rosa and hears of the story in Chapter xxi—is equally fatal to the Helena theory, which Dr. Jackson supports. Mr. Gadd, however, does not seem to have created a school.

The commonest theory is—or rather used to be, for it has grown somewhat musty—that Datchery is Bazzard. The evidence for it resolves itself at the last almost entirely into the remark of Grewgious to Rosa after Datchery has appeared at Cloisterham, "In fact he is off duty here altogether just at present." But there are two satisfactory explanations of this statement. One is that it might well be a blind, intended by Dickens to make the careless reader adopt this very theory. The other is that Bazzard really was in all probability employed in watching Jasper at this time, not, however, at Cloisterham but about the opium den. Mr. Proctor's ingenious conjecture, too, is worth notice, that the "place near Aldersgate Street" where Jasper puts up would have turned out to be Bazzard's house. Dickens had an absolutely unlimited belief in the long arm of coincidence. But even such identifications *pour rire* as those with Neville or Grewgious are hardly more hopeless than the one with Bazzard. Besides all the objections to the other cases, most of

which Bazzard seems to combine in himself, imagine the "pale, puffy-faced, doughy-complexioned," selfish, discontented, ungrateful, unlikable clerk, who writes tragedies that nobody will read, assuming at will the character of the easy, delightful Datchery! He, too, must unhesitatingly be brushed aside. Mr. Saunders' conjecture is far better, that he was to prove to be a traitor to Grewgious, and assist in some way against his will in entrapping Jasper. It is probably for some such reason that Mrs. Billiekin, with whom Rosa lodges, is made to be Bazzard's cousin.

The only remaining identifications of Datchery are the two that are by far the most startling, most melodramatic, most in keeping with Dickens' own description of the story as "a very curious and new idea"—those with Edwin Drood himself, and with Helena Landless. It is true that the idea of *Watched by the Dead*—Mr. Proctor's sensational title—would not be altogether new. In two short stories *Hunted Down* and (the Dickens part of) *No Thoroughfare*, the idea is to some extent anticipated, but the difference of treatment might be considered to make the story new. In fact this is just the melodramatic plot which would have strongly appealed to Dickens, and in his later days seemed to be growing almost into an obsession. So far then as the general idea of the plot, the evidence of the titles, the illustration on the cover, and the resemblance of Edwin's talk to Datchery's talk with the opium hag, Mr. Proctor and Mr. Lang have a very strong case indeed. We know that it could not have occurred in life, because though a disguise (something much better than Datchery's wig and eyebrows) might perhaps have been carried through, the voice cannot be disguised, and Edwin could not possibly have met Jasper; but we

must allow a considerable margin of convention for melodramatic plots.

But there are two *culs-de-sac* to this theory, both absolutely fatal, if Dickens played anything like fair with his readers. The first is that Datchery was really ignorant of Jasper's lodgings, and showed it when pretense could not be known to anybody, or of any service whatever to the plot.

The waiter's directions being fatally precise, *he soon became bewildered*, and went boggling about and about the Cathedral tower, whenever he could catch a glimpse of it, with a general impression on his mind that Mrs. Tope's was somewhere very near it.

Then he meets Deputy, and bargains to be shown the way to Tope's. The boy points to an arched passage. "You see," he says, "that there winder and door." "That's Tope's?" "Yer lie; it ain't. That's Jarsper's." "Indeed?" said Mr. Datchery with a second look of some interest. Special pleading has to go far indeed to make this second look given for Deputy's future benefit!

The second fatal bar is to be found in Datchery's conversation with the opium hag. "I'll lay it out honest," she says, "on a medicine as does me good." "What's the medicine?" he asks. "I'll be honest with you beforehand, as well as after. It's opium." "Mr. Datchery, with a sudden change of countenance, gives her a sudden look." But the woman had asked Edwin also for three and sixpence, and had told him that she wanted it for opium. There is no getting over this, if Dickens played fair.

We turn to the last identification, with Helena Landless. There is something decidedly taking about this, regarded purely as melodrama. It would undoubtedly be "a new idea" and "not communicable" (at least to Forster) "or its interest would begone."

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It would, of course, be even more impossible in actual life than Edwin's assumption, and the special pleading of Dr. Jackson, Mr. Walters, and Sir W. R. Nicoll on behalf of its many absurdities serves only to heighten them. Of course no girl could really stay at an hotel for weeks as an elderly gentleman, and be unsuspected. But when we are told that Helena after ordering a pint of sherry for dinner "perhaps did not consume it all," or that when she "fell to on the bread and cheese and ale with an appetite," Mrs. Tope "would have thought her strangely fastidious otherwise"—a new way of creating appetite—still more when her liking the old tavern way of keeping scores is explained as "seen by her in country walks with Neville" (!)—it is plain that the argument is wearing very thin. The physical impossibilities seem hardly to be noticed by these interpreters. Helena was "slender, supple, fierce," and "very dark, almost of the gipsy type." Datchery "wears a tightish surtout"—the very last thing a girl could wear—and, apart from his hair and eyebrows, the only bodily detail mentioned is that his head was unusually large—a likely thing for a girl! But the case is almost exactly parallel to Bazzard's. As that rested in the last resort mainly on Grewgious' remark, "In fact he is off duty here altogether just at present," so the case for Helena falls back continually on the remark of Neville to Mr. Crisparkle that in their childish runnings-away, she "dressed each time as a boy, and showed the daring of a man." It might have been thought that anyone would suspect that where Dickens was so anxious to hide his traces, so obvious a lead as this must be intentional. But here again, just as in Bazzard's case, it is not necessary to take it as a mere blind. There are plain enough indications given that

Helena is really to face and help to crush Jasper. And the most probable solution of this is that she does again assume male clothing, and keep Jasper occupied in Staple Inn by personating her twin brother Neville whom she so nearly resembles, while Neville escapes.

But, as the book stands, she—like Grewgious and Tartar—is excluded from being Datchery by the sequence of events. Datchery appears at Cloisterham in Chapter xviii, while Grewgious, Tartar, Helena, and Neville—everybody but the stupid and disagreeable Bazzard—are all still at Staple Inn in Chapter xxi. Dr. Jackson points out that this is just as fatal to the Helena theory as to the Tartar or the Grewgious theory. So with singular and interesting boldness he deals with his text as Dr. Cheyne might do with a Psalm retaining any Pre-exilic traces *He rearranges his chapters.*

Now it is obvious that a theory which requires a teration of the text to begin with, starts with a very heavy handicap against it, especially since we know that Dickens revised the proofs to the end of Chapter xxi. Dr. Jackson shows too from the MS. (the Higher Criticism again) that the first half of Chapter xviii (the Datchery chapter) was written after Chapter xix ("Shadow on the Sundial"), and then transposed by Dickens. This makes an *accidental* transposition of the chapters after Dickens' death almost an impossibility.

But furthermore—if Dickens, as we ought to assume, played fair with his readers—Helena is barred from being Datchery for the same reason as Edwin. Helena knew where Jasper's rooms were perfectly well, but Datchery did not; for to explain Datchery's "Indeed," with a second look of some interest," when Deputy points out the room over the archway,

as only meaning that he "regards them now in a new light" (to which Deputy has contributed nothing whatever) is obviously special pleading of the kind of which the critics of *Edwin Drood* have furnished such an astonishing variety.

In short, most people will agree with Mr. Chesterton that the objection is not so much to the impossibility as that this assumption would not be melodrama but farce. "One might," he says, "as easily imagine Edith Dombev dressing up as Major Bagstock!"

Thus no satisfactory solution of the mystery has ever been propounded, and I submit that it never can be; because every theory not only involves improbabilities, but is impossible to reconcile with the existing text. If the MS. of the remaining chapters were suddenly discovered to be in existence, we should know what Dickens intended, but *we should still not have a satisfactory solution*, because he himself—perhaps owing to some uncertainty in his original idea, perhaps to a variation of it in the course of writing—has in some way or other barred every conceivable outlet. It must always remain "The Mystery" of *Edwin Drood*. And it is not an unreasonable surmise that the hopeless task of finding a satisfactory solution may have precipitated the final attack of apoplexy while he was at work on it which brought the curtain so sorrowfully down.

Perhaps I may add here a few of the astonishing "*Cathedralia*" in the book, which would have made the late Mr. Mackenzie Walcott's hair stand on end. They scarcely affect the evidence, however, except as proving Dickens' amazing inaccuracy in matters not lending themselves to his particular gifts.

Jasper, a lay chorist-clerk, is also called "a lay Precentor," and even "the Precentor." Mr. Crisparkle's

Minor Canonry must have been in private patronage, since he was "promoted by a patron grateful for a well-taught son." At service in the Cathedral, "the sacristan locks the iron-barred gates that divide the sanctuary from the chancel," the sanctuary at Cloisterham thus being the nave. Jasper "leads" the choir-boys in the procession to service. (This, by the way, is silently corrected by Charles Collins in the picture on the cover.) Jasper's "pathetic supplication to have his heart inclined to keep this law" is offered up, strange to say, "at

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Vespers." But the best of all is that when the Princess Puffer wants to see and hear Jasper in the Anthem, she has to go to the Cathedral at *seven o'clock*. That would have been wakening sleepy Cloisterham up with a vengeance! Still as the celebrated match of Dingley Dell v. All Muggleton clearly proves that Dickens had never played cricket in his life, and yet remains the most famous report of a match on record, so the impossible doings at Cloisterham have an interest never to be found in the lifelike and accurate Barchester.

G. E. Jeans.

THE ART OF WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

The closest analogy in the history of English literature to the career of William De Morgan, whose gentle, humorous spirit passed into the Great Beyond on January 17 last, is the case of Samuel Richardson, the Aldersgate printer. But Richardson was barely fifty years of age when *Pamela*, his first romance, was published. De Morgan had reached the age of sixty-seven when he burst upon a world satiated with sex problems and half-baked antinomian doctrines, with *Joseph Vance*. An unsuccessful painter, a moderately good designer in stained-glass windows, and the rediscoverer of the lost process of lustre —these were the three stages of his career until he came to his own as a novelist. As the designer and producer of tile-pictures he achieved considerable success, though his artistic temperament prevented him from securing the full financial reward of his work. But it gave him entrance to the famous Chelsea aesthetic set whom we know as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and he became an unobtrusive but welcome intimate of William Morris, Dante Gabriel Ros-

setti, Burne Jones, and Ford Madox Brown. Ill-health caused his withdrawal to Florence for the winter months, and in the later period of his life the city on the Arno was his permanent residence, broken only by brief summer trips to England. De Morgan had, therefore, slipped out of the artistic world altogether when he suddenly reappeared in the unexpected guise of a writer of romance. Only eight years elapsed between the appearance of his first and last novels, and he passed away at the age of seventy-seven.

George Gissing, in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, gives a definition of Art as "an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life." Whatever may be thought of its general application, this definition exactly fits the literary art of William De Morgan. No young man could have written his books. The attitude of whimsical detachment and of placid tolerance towards the riddles of existence which characterizes all his work is only possible to one who had lived and suffered. No trace is found of fierce revolt or intolerable resentment

against life's disillusionments. He learned resignation, perhaps in a hard school; but it is the cheerful resignation without repinings, and as he looks back upon life from the vantage-point of late middle age he finds it good. Life never lost its savor or its thrilling mystery for him, and it is this quality of his work as well as the play of his flickering humor that commends his books to this generation in spite of their inordinate length.

Though all his novels bear the imprint of the twentieth century upon their title-pages, their atmosphere is that of the early eighties. The only illustrator who could have done justice to his characters would have been Du Maurier. In some of his novels we meet with taxi-cabs and tube railways, but the people who use them belong to the more leisurely Victorian age. They bear the hallmark of that era in their placidity, in their very slang, and in their whole attitude to life. Sitting on the brink of the twentieth century volcano De Morgan turned his eyes to the comfortable years, never to return, when, if wars took place, they were fought out in far-off corners of Africa or Asia, and served only to season the morning newspaper, too remote to disturb the serenity of British ease. In effect he excels as the portrayer of comfortable middle-class interiors. He has an irresistible way of hitting off the distinctive features of the Englishman *en famille*, and more particularly of the Englishwoman. Most of all is he effective in the delineation of the British matron—when that pillar of Society wore lace caps and moved about the world with a conscious dignity—"Like Convocation coming downstairs," De Morgan describes her movements in *Alice-for-Short*. All the little foibles of the estimable middle-aged lady, her complacent evaluation of her own exceeding righteousness,

ness, her incorrigible habit of putting her husband or her children in the wrong, and her ready assumption of the air of resigned martyrdom if her will or prejudices are crossed—De Morgan brings out these characteristics with a genial if gently malicious chuckle. Equally penetrating are his descriptions of the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain of the jerry-builder. Joseph Vance's father, that delightful rascal, is the classic instance of this skill, but in several of the other novels—notably in *When Ghost Meets Ghost*—the reader is brought into contact with examples of the mental workings of the small builder and his crafty devices for scamping jobs. De Morgan's business experiences in the production of decorative tiles doubtless gave him plenty of opportunities to make studies at first hand in this *genre*.

Like Dickens, whom he consciously followed as a literary prototype, De Morgan was a Cockney, frank and unashamed. Born and bred in Gower Street, he had all the true Londoner's affection for the big city, and he displays little knowledge of life outside the Metropolitan cab radius. His mother was deeply interested in the improvement of the lot of slum children, and this accounts for the sympathetic knowledge of the conditions of child-life in the inner ring of London which is found in nearly all the De Morgan stories. In particular it explains the novelist's realization of the havoc wrought by aleoholic drink upon the little ones of the city slum. As a rule one does not look for whole-hearted condemnation of the liquor traffic in the possessor of the artistic temperament; and it may be conceded that De Morgan does not consciously assume the rôle of temperance advocate. But no temperance tract could portray the ravages worked in the lives of the children of the poor by

addiction to drink more dramatically than the opening chapters of *Alice-for-Short* and *It Never Could Happen Again*. In *When Ghost Meets Ghost* also the public-house plays a mischievous part in the criminal activities of the returned Botany Bay convict. In fact no reader of these novels can escape a vivid impression of the close association of the drinking habit with the worst terrors of the abyss of poverty.

In his attitude to organized Christianity De Morgan displays a strong animus against all shams and merely traditional prejudices. The successful novelist in *It Never Can Happen Again* is a confessed agnostic, and he freely employs the weapon of raillery against the unreasoning and traditional religiosity of his wife and mother-in-law who "neither of them knew anything of theology or divinity or exegesis, except that the Bible was the Word of God, and contained everything necessary to Salvation as well as to the fostering of all our little particular prejudices." But for self-denying and sincere professors of Christianity such as the two clergymen in the same book he has nothing but the highest respect.

One of the main charms of De Morgan's style is his eccentric habit of incorporating in his narrative little scraps of vernacular conversation in *oratio obliqua*. These scraps crop up unexpectedly like bits of granite on a moorland, and carry on the narrative in the language of one of the humbler characters of the book—the slum chid, the charwoman, or the cabman. The result is at first reading a trifle

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disconcerting; but the reader soon comes to look for these breaks in the narrative with a peculiar appetite for their whimsical humor.

A word must be added about the length of the novels. William De Morgan is as unconscionably long in reaching the climax of his story as the Merry Monarch was in the act of dying. In one of his books a novelist tells his neighbor at a dinner party that the average novel contains 100,000 words. These were certainly not the limits observed by De Morgan. Indeed a story is told—probably of the *ben trovato* class—that once De Morgan was discovered by a friend busily scouring his manuscript with a blue pencil. Asked what he was doing he replied, "Just cutting out a hundred thousand words from my new novel to oblige my publisher!" He loved to turn aside from his story to comment with leisurely humor upon the ways of things, and frequently these prolix philosophizings are the most precious thing in the book. He preferred to develop his theme without hurry and to leave little or nothing to the imagination. Hence he is anathema to those headlong folk who demand that in an age of motor-cars and aeroplanes a story shall press along heedless of speed limits. It is not likely that William De Morgan's vogue will survive his death by many years; but in these days of strife and passion not a few will turn for mental refreshment to the homely humor and Victorian sentimentality of these stories of a day when men hung the trumpet in the hall and studied war no more.

Arthur Page Grubb.

L'ILE NANCE.

Nance was a tomboy, or whatever may be the equivalent of this type in the doggy world, and she looked it.

An ungainly body, clad in a rough coat of silver and gray on a foundation of brown, carried a head that ap-

peared ill-shaped because of the unusual width of skull. Over her forehead continually straggled a tangle of hairs that mixed with others growing stiffly above her snout, and through this cover were to be seen two pearly eyes that were wondrously bright and intelligent. She had a trick, too, of tossing her head in a manner suggestive of nothing so much as a girl throwing back the curls from face and shoulders, and it seemed to emphasize the tomboy in Nance. But she had sterling qualities, of which her broad skull and quick eyes gave more than a hint. If ungainly, her little body was untiring and as supple as a whip-lash, and her legs were as finely tempered steel springs. She had, too, a rare turn of speed, and it was the combination of these gifts with her remarkable intelligence that in later days made her the most noted dog in Craven.

Her puppyhood was unpromising. Indeed, for one born on a farm, where is lack neither of shelter nor food, her earliest hours were doubly perilous, for, in addition to the prospect of a watery grave in a bucket, her existence, and that of the whole litter, was threatened by negligent nursing. Fate had given the little family a mother not only herself young, but of all dogs that ever worked on a farm the most irresponsible. It was quite in keeping with her reputation that Lucy should bring her children to birth in the exposed hollow trunk of a tree and then forget the blind, sprawling, whimpering puppies for hours together. It was going hard with the weaklings when fate again took a hand in their welfare, this time in the person of young Zub.

It had become evident to the farm folk, to whom matters of birth and reproduction are commonplaces of daily life, that Lucy's new duties had come upon her, and it was plainly

evident, too, before the third day had run, that she was neglecting them. It was then that young Zub, or Zubdil, as he was indifferently called, either name serving to distinguish him from Owd Zub, his father, actively bestirred himself. Hitherto he had done no more than keep his eyes and ears open as he moved about the farm buildings, but neither soft whimper nor the sound of tender noses nuzzling against a warm body had rewarded him. His first deliberate efforts were to watch Lucy's comings and goings, in the hope of tracing her hiding-place. But the mother dog, a poacher at heart and with all a four-footed poacher's cunning, had easily beaten him at this game. When he recognized this, angry at the thought that somewhere a small family was suffering, he soundly cuffed her about the ears in the hope that she would bolt for her hiding-place and her blind charges. But the graceless one, howling, raced no farther than to her kennel, and from its depths kept one watchful eye open for further developments.

"Drat thee," cried Zubdil, as his experiment went wrong, "but I'll find 'em yet." He turned and slowly entered the kitchen, where Owd Zub was quietly chuckling to himself.

"Shoo's bested thee, reight an' all, this time," he said. "Doesn't thy books tell thee owt?"

It was a thrust he was fond of making. Zubdil's strongly developed taste for reading was something beyond the old farmer's understanding. He would have given but occasional heed to it had not the younger man taken up works on scientific farming and breeding, and also studied these subjects in a course of postal lessons with the Agricultural Department at the Northern University. New ideas thus acquired often clashed with the father's ingrained conservative meth-

ods, and they left him sore. A chance to get in a sly dig at this "book larning" was too good to be missed. He chuckled again as he asked the question.

The younger man laughed. He was broadening in more ways than one, and he bore no malice. "Happen they do," he said. "Yo just watch, fayther, an' happen yo'll leearn summat."

He reached up to the blackened oak beam that spanned the ceiling, took down his gun, and strolled casually out across the yard. In a moment Lucy had tumultuously burst out of the kennel and was dancing about him, all animation and keenness. Graceless she might be, and lacking in the discharge of her mothering duties, but heart and soul she was a lover of sport. At the sight of the gun she was in transports. Unheeding her, young Zub passed on through the gate. Wriggling through ere it closed, Lucy was after him and away in front of him like a streak, making river-wards. There, as well she knew, were the plumpest rabbits. When the old dalesman, his curiosity whetted, reached a point where he could see without being seen, the two were ranging the low field where runs the Wharfe. Steadily they passed along through Dub End and into Lang Pasture, the gun still hooked in the curl of the man's arm, then as they came through the field gate together into the High Garth Lucy's tail suddenly drooped. She hesitated, turned about in indecision, and finally, disregarding the sharp whistle calling her to heel, slid off up the hill under the wall-side and vanished by the riven oak.

"Dang it," said Owd Zub, greatly interested, and understanding, "I owt to ha' known shoo'd ha' gooaan to 'em if they came owt near 'em."

By the time he arrived on the spot, and he walked across the field with a great show of carelessness, Zubdil had

the whimpering youngsters on the grass and was examining them. Couched near by, her tail going in great pride, Lucy was mothering each one as it was laid down again.

"They're a poor lot," said the elder man, eyeing them critically, and discreetly making no reference to the finding of them; "put 'em ivvery one i' t' pail."

Zubdil did not reply immediately. He was watching one puppy, more vigorous than any of the rest, trying to prop itself up on its forelegs. Its sightless eyes were turned towards him, its tiny nostrils were working, and there was a decided quiver—it was an immature wagging—in its wisp of a tail. He picked it up again. A tiny patch of red slid out and licked his hand, and there were faint noises that brought Lucy's ears to the prick. Zubdil laughed.

"Sitha for pluck, fayther," he cried. "This is best o' t' lot. I'se keeping this for mysen."

"Thou'll drown t' lot," said his father, sharply. "We've dogs enough on t' farm. Besides, they're hawf dead."

They are sparing of speech, these Craven dalesmen, but their words are ever to the point. They have also a stiff measure of obstinacy in their constitution, as have all men whose forbears for generations have lived and died amid the everlasting hills. Obstinacy now showed in the younger man. He put the youngster down beside the mother dog, gathered up the others into a bag that he took from his capacious pocket, and rose. Lucy was up in an instant, ears cocked. Zubdil checked her sternly.

"Lig thee theer," he ordered, and she resumed her nursing under constraint. Young Zub turned to the elder.

"I'se keeping it," he announced briefly.

The other knew that tone, and gave in. "Well," grudgingly, "I'se heving nowt to do wi' it, then. An' if theer's another license to get, tha pays for it thysen."

So the pup was spared, and she flourished and grew apace. Nance, he called her, after one from a neighboring farm, thoughts of whom had been occupying his mind a good deal of late. He ventured to tell her what he had done when one evening, by chance that had been occurring frequently of late, he met her by the old bridge. The girl reddened with pleasure at the implied compliment, giggled a little, and gave him a playful nudge with her elbow. It was a nudge that would have upset many a city-bred man. "Thou's a silly fond fellow," she said, but there was no reproach in her words. Rather was it that in turn he was pleased. It was a little incident that marked a distinct advance in their relations.

It was also an incident that led young Zub to take more interest in the dog's welfare than otherwise he might have done. Dimly floating at the back of his mind, tinged with romance, was the idea that the four-footed Nance ought to be worthy of the name she bore. It led him to take her education in hand seriously, and to the task he brought all his fieldcraft, his native shrewdness, and his great patience. He began early, when she was not yet half grown and still a playful puppy; but, early as he was, someone was before him. Whatever her demerits as a mother, Lucy excelled in woodcraft and the art of the chase. She had the soul of an artist for it, which was perhaps why, as an ordinary working farm dog, she was an indifferent success. And what she knew she taught her daughter, taking the young one with her as soon as Nance was strong enough to stand these excursions.

Their favorite time was dawn of day, and their hunting-ground the woods that mantled the breast of the moors high above the farm, or the sandy stretches along Wharfe side, where fat rabbits were abundant. Nance was an apt pupil. She learned to stalk, to obliterate herself behind seemingly inadequate cover, to crawl almost without action visible to the eye, and her instinct for choosing the moment for the final fatal rush was not bettered even in the older dog.

Thus it happened that when Zubdil took up her training the ground had been prepared for him better than ever he knew. Yet he began his task opportunely, for Nance was at the parting of the ways. Lucy was a clever dog, but her best and finest qualities, neglected through want of recognition, had deteriorated until she was now no more than a cunning hunter. The little dog—*l'ile Nance* she was to everybody—inherited all her mother's cleverness, and, happily for her, Zubdil took her in hand while yet she was in her plastic, impressionable days. He made her his constant companion. If he went no farther than the length of the field to fasten up the chickens safe from the predatory fox, he called her to accompany him. If he went on to the moor, or to the village, or to a neighboring farm, she was with him. And she was taught to do strange things. Sometimes she was sent chasing round a field and brought back to heel in zigzag tracings. At other times she was bidden to crouch by a gate and to stir not at all until his return. Sometimes she was sent ahead at full gallop and then made to stop dead and lie prone, when he would overtake and pass her, man and dog alike apparently unconscious of each other's presence, save for the way in which those pearly eyes of hers watched his every movement.

It was all done with no more

language than can be conveyed in a whistle. But expressive! With his ash stick tucked under one arm Zubdil would thrust the better part, as it seemed, of both hands into his mouth, whence would proceed now a single piercing call, now a prolonged high-pitched note, now a series of staccato commands, and ever and again fluty modulations as if a blackbird had joined in the business. And every note had a definite meaning. It was a great game for Nance, who at these times was nothing more than two bright eyes and a pair of ever-working ears. She strove to please and worked hard, and when it dawned upon the deliberately moving mind of the young dalesman that he had a dog of unusual parts it stimulated him to greater efforts. It also stimulated him to secrecy, though why he could not have explained.

He gave her experience in the rounding-up of the half-wild, hardy, half-bred sheep on the moorlands and here she learned to work dually, without yielding to the temptation to nip the flying legs of the nervous fleeces. It was on these uplands, too, that he received his first meed of praise, and it fired the smouldering pride in his heart and lifted him out of the ordinary workaday rut. For it gave him an idea. It was dipping-time, when the moors had to be thoroughly scoured for the sheep, and from a dozen farms in the dale below men had gathered together to co-operate in the work. With them came their dogs; dogs that barked and fought, dogs that raced hither and thither irresolutely trying to obey the many and confusing whistlings, doing their best to please all and giving satisfaction to none. Young Zub stood on a knoll a little apart, and at his bidding a silver and gray-brown form flashed among the bracken and the ling, sometimes buried from sight,

at times only the tips of pricked ears visible, but always making a wider and further stretching circle than the others. And wherever Nance ranged sheep came into view and were deftly piloted to the common gathering-ground.

It was Long Abram who first recognized what she was doing.

"That theer young dog o' thy lad's is doing weel," he said, turning to Owd Zub. "It'll mak a rare 'un i' time."

It was luncheon-time, and the men had halted in their work to discuss the contents of the baskets that had been sent up from the farms. Owd Zub helped himself to another piece of cold apple pie before answering.

"It's a gooid dog nah," he said presently, speaking with deliberation, "if t' lad doesn't get it ower fond."

"Ower fond?" It was Nance the woman who spoke. She had brought up her father's luncheon and was sitting near at hand. There was a sparkle in her eye, and her resolute little chin was thrust forth aggressively. "Ower fond," she repeated, scornfully. "Some o' yo think us younger end can't do owt reight. Why, Zubdil's trained that dog reight, an' all. It's good enough for t' trials."

The men laughed good-humoredly. The girl's relations with Zubdil were now well established and recognized, and her quick intervention was to be expected. But good enough for the trials—well, working it on the moors was one thing, but to direct an inexperienced dog on an enclosed field under the eyes of a crowd, and in competition with some of the best and most experienced trial working animals, was another matter altogether. They laughed at the girl's warmth, and let it go at that. But young Zub, happening to walk past at the time while counting up the sheep, heard the words. They quickened him and gave

birth to the idea, while Long Abram's praise, which, if brief, went a long way, emboldened him. He thought deeply, but kept his counsel; not even to Nance did he open his mind for some time. But he worked the young dog even more regularly and watched her keenly. Then one day he wrote a letter, and the girl, face flushed, looked on.

A few weeks later the two, with Owd Zub, were units in the crowd that had gathered in a large field in a village some miles higher up the dale. It was the dale's annual agricultural show and gala day, and all the farming community that could toddle, walk or ride, to say nothing of visitors, had converged upon the spacious pasture. On the back of the right hand of each and all of them was an impression in purple ink; it was the pass-out check, imprinted upon each one with a rubber date stamp by a stalwart, red-faced policeman, who stood guard at the gate. They have little use for gloves, these folk of the Craven dales.

The three, with l'ile Nance stretched at ease at their feet, stood somewhat apart from the crowd. Owd Zub was uneasy and a trifle wrathful, and also, having already paid several visits to the refreshment booth, inclined to be querulous. Not until that morning, as they were packing into the farm gig, had he learned that l'ile Nance had been entered for the sheep-dog trials. For years these trials had been the feature of the show, and they attracted good dogs, and knowing this, and being convinced that the little dog would not shine against such opponents, he was sore. Deep down in his heart he was proud of his son, and he did not relish seeing him beaten before his fellows of the dale.

"What chance hes shoo?" he growled. "Theer's lots o' first-class dogs here. There's Tim Feather wi' his, 'at's

run i' theease trials for t' past six year. An' theer's Ike Thorpe, thro't Lancashire side. He's ta'en t' first prize here this last two year. He's owd hand at t' game, an' soa is his dog."

"Well," said his son, "if he wins it ageean he can hev it."

He spoke somewhat abstractedly. The trials had already begun, and he was more intent on watching his rivals and in familiarizing himself with the course than in listening to the elder man. It was a long field and of good breadth, so that there was plenty of room for the sheep to run. Along the farther side, close to the bank of the river, were three sets of upright posts, like goal-posts, but lacking the net and cross-bar. Through these the sheep had to be driven, and while this was being done the owner of the dog had to stay near the judges; he was, in fact, looped to a rope attached to a stake to prevent him, in his eagerness, going to the assistance of his animal. As a consequence, all his commands had to be given in whistles or by word of mouth. Near the head of the enclosure was the second set of obstacles—a cross-road made of hurdles. The sheep had to be piloted through each road and then driven to a little hurdle enclosure and penned there. The competing owners were allowed to drop their rope and go to the help of their dogs at the cross-roads and the pen, and the winning dog was the one that penned the sheep in the shortest time with the fewest mistakes.

Young Zub was the last to compete, and so far the best performance had been done by Ike's dog, which had penned its three allotted sheep in fine style in nine and a half minutes. As the young farmer looped the rope about his arm he took stock of his three sheep, held by as many perspiring

attendants at the far end of the enclosure. They were fresh from the moors that morning, and their fear and wildness were manifest. Zubdil saw that there would be trouble if once they broke away, but he was cool and unflurried as he nodded to the time-keeper to indicate that he was ready.

"Time," said that official, and dropped a white handkerchief. It was the signal for the men to let go the sheep, which, once released, ran a little way, and then began to nibble the rich luscious grass. It was grand fare for them after what the moors had provided. At the same instant Zubdil waved his stick. As if galvanized into life, Nance, who had been stretched lazily at his feet snapping at the flies, shot up the field like an arrow from a bow. Young Zub, straining hard at the rope, his fingers in his mouth, watched her every stride, judging both pace and distance. A moment later a shrill whistle, a long-drawn-out rising cadence, went up, and with one ear cocked by way of reply the young dog closed in on the rear of the nibbling sheep. They threw up their heads and broke towards the river in a swift rush. A series of sharp notes stabbed the air, and l'ile Nance, belly flat almost, such was her speed, swung round them and headed them off. Back they came in a huddled group to the very mouth of the first lot of posts. For a second they hesitated, uncertain where to run, but Nance was coming up on their rear and they broke through. Hard on their heels she followed, swinging now right, now left, as one or other made as if to burst away, and so skillful her piloting that she took them straight away through the second line of posts at the run. A loud cheer went up from the onlookers; it was a neat bit of work. But not a man but knew that things were going too well;

it is not in the nature of driven sheep to keep the proper course for long together.

True to their traditions of stupidity and contrariness, they broke away fan-wise when nearing the last posts. Zubdil, straining on loop until he was drawn sideways, sent out clear, quick calls, a Morse code of commands. Nance was as if making circles on her two near legs. With ears laid flush, body stretching and closing like a rubber cord, she flashed round the heads of the straying ones, collected them and hustled them through the posts at panic speed. Once again that rising note rang out, and in response she swept them round in a wide circle towards the cross-roads. This was the danger point, for the hurdles stood close to the ring of spectators, and here, if anywhere, the sheep were most likely to bolt out of hand.

What happened was the unexpected. A fussy fox-terrier, excited by the tumult and its nerves snapping at the sight of the racing sheep, broke loose from its owner and, open-mouthed and noisy, sprang in to take a hand. It caught the nearest sheep and nipped its leg. A roar of anger went up; an interruption like this was against all tradition. Young Zub, who was racing across the field to join l'ile Nance, rapped out an excusable "damn," and half a dozen farmers on the edge of the ring loudly expressed a wish to break the neck of the terrier, and to "belt" the careless owner of that animal. On the slope above the crowd Owd Zub was dancing with rage.

"They done it a' purpose," he roared, his voice booming above the din. "Sumboby's done it a' purpose. They knawed t' l'ile dog 'ud win. We'll hev another trial. We'll tak all t' dogs i' England an' back we're own for a ten-pun noat. We'll hev another trial."

In deep wrath he was making his

way to the enclosure, one hand fumbling meanwhile to get into the pocket where lay his old-fashioned purse, securely tied and buttoned up, when a hand gripped him firmly. Another, equally decided in its action, closed over his mouth.

"Ho'd thi din," cried Nance, for it was she. "It's all reight. Sitha, look at t' l'ile dog nah. Well done, Zubdil."

It was all over in a moment, but it was a stirring moment. L'ile Nance had dealt with the intruder. Taking it in her stride, she had seized the terrier by the back of the neck, flung it from her with a toss of her head, and was about her business. She and her master had to deal with a serious situation, for one sheep, in mad panic at the terrier's attack and at the feel of its teeth in her leg, had bolted blindly through the crowd, clearing the fence in one fine leap. A silver-and-gray streak flew through the opening thus made, and in a second both dog and sheep were swallowed up among the onlookers. Zub, down on his knees the better to see through the legs of the huddled spectators, was whistling until he was well-nigh black in the face, but he never lost his head. His calls were wonderful, articulate almost. They were thrilling, short, but infinitely encouraging and coaxing. Many a man would have deeply cursed his dog; every ounce of Zubdil went into encouraging the little animal. "Over, over, over," said the whistles, as plainly as could be, and at the moment that the other Nance on the slope had stayed the wrathful old farmer, her four-footed namesake came back over the fence in the rear of the missing sheep.

The prodigal, bearing down upon its fellows, who had stopped to graze the moment they found they were not being harried, alarmed them, and they fled. By good luck they bore down straight upon the cross-road hurdles.

With Zubdil on one flank, l'ile Nance on the other, there was no escape, and they bolted straight through. All the precious seconds lost by the incident of the fox-terrier were thus won back, with more to them. Nance awaited the panting fleeces at the exit, and with her tongue lolling, and her bright eyes just visible through the tangled fringe of hair, she appeared to be grinning them a welcome. The sheep spun round to avoid her, and were brought up opposite the second entrance by the long form of the young farmer. His arms were swaying, gently, unhurriedly, waving them into the entrance. There was need now of patience and tact, for seconds were becoming precious, and an over-alarmed sheep is a—mule. He whistled softly with pursed lips while yet they hesitated what to do. Nance sank prone.

Save that there was a dark patch against the green of the grass, she had disappeared. Without any visible movement the patch drew nearer the hesitating sheep. It was pretty work, and the crowd marked their admiration by their dead silence. The sheep sighted the dog, backed round to face her, and crowded with their hind-quarters against the hurdle. Zubdil was silent, motionless, save for the slow movement of his arms. Nance slid a little nearer, nearer yet. The sheep crowded farther back against the opening. She was not now a yard away. Suddenly she sat up and panted hard. One of the animals, turning sharply to escape, found an opening, pushed along it in dread haste. The other two struggled for next place, and the cross-roads were won.

Again was l'ile Nance there to meet them as they gained the open, and collecting them smartly she raced them off towards the pen. They broke away, but their wild rush ended

in their being brought up exactly against the opening of the pen. Zubdil was there, too, his arms going like the sails of a windmill on an almost breezeless day. They pushed past the opening, and Nance rose up out of the grass to greet them. They spun about and raced off, but in a trice she was doing trick running about their heads and flanks, and when they stopped for breath the mouth of the pen was again before them. Zubdil drew a cautious step nearer, arms outspread, his lips puckered. Just wide of him a pair of ears pricked up above the grass. There was a moment's hesitation; one of the sheep poked its head through the mouth of the pen. Nance glided a little nearer, and the other two animals crowded against the first. Another step into the pen; the dog was only a yard away. There was a flurried movement about the opening. L'ile Nance sat up and lolled out a red tongue. She appeared to be laughing. There was a crush, a scramble, the sheep burst in, and Nance slid across the opening, lay down, and fixed her pearly eyes on her master. What wonder if she appeared to be grinning cheerfully?

Before the cheering had subsided,
The Cornhill Magazine.

a stolid-faced judge stepped towards Zubdil. The pink rosette which denoted the first prize was in his hand, and at the sight of it there was more cheering. The other Nance on the slope clutched the arm of Owd Zub. For his part he was smiling broadly, and ecstatically slapping his leggings hard with his ash stick.

"Nine-an'-a-quarter minutes," said the judge, handing the rosette to the young farmer. "By gum, but it wor a near do. Shoo's a rare 'un, that dog o' thine, an' nobbut a young 'un, too."

But Zubdil's greatest reward came later. It was not the hearty congratulations of so doughty an opponent as Ike, nor the incoherent remarks of Owd Zub. It was when an arm slid through his, when eyes dimmed with the moisture of genuine pride looked into his, and a low voice said:

"I'se reight glad, lad. I is."

He laughed, gladly. Then openly, unashamed, he stooped and took toll of her lips. Nor was he denied. And the other Nance, looking up from where she lay at their feet, tossed back a lock of hair and wagged her tail in approval.

Rowland Cragg.

A HYMN OF HONOR.

Great influences are round us:
anguished cries
And peans victorious flung from
valiant dust
Thrill the tense air. Calm death-
undaunted eyes
Haunt ours; and come pale agonies
august
From places dread where man's stark
soul stands lone,
In its frail house of shuddering flesh and
bone,
Not to be overthrown.

We have come through tribulation unto
light,
And out of time strain toward eternity;
Strong in the faith that this our right
is Right,
And this shall stand while man,
through Christ, is free.
Not all the blood-red fangs of ravenous
might,
Leagued with confederate forces of the
night,
Shall dim this faith or doom this
constancy.

Honor to them that left the genial day,
 The green tranquillity,
 The quiet farm, the cottage by the bay,
 The humming city's friendly cope of
 gray,
 Sweet home's fond pleasantry
 To follow sorrow by the sanguine way
 To wastes of victory.
 They heard the whisper each heart
 understands,
 Out of the ages, gentle as a flower;
 They pass exalted toward their gran-
 diose hour
 To do a God's commands,
 To break Hell's bars of steel and brazen
 power
 With bleeding human hands.
 Honor all these who, drawing quiet
 breaths,
 Wear the bright haloes of their coming
 deaths;
 Who, by the mystic law by men forgot,
 Touch splendors that stir tears and
 know it not.
 Oh, for this love that gives up love and
 ease
 To battle for the soul's mute sym-
 pathies,
 For lives made strong by sweet sim-
 plicities
 To radiant ends in far-off centuries,
 Honor all these!

Honor to all that 'twixt the moving sky
 And waters their lone loyal watches
 keep,
 That, wearying not, along the
 changeless deep
 Midnight and noon unchanging jour-
 neys ply;

Honor to these that, far from human eye,
 Patiently speed where dangers never
 sleep,
 That down in watery glooms to peril
 leap,
 And, far from glory, die.

To them, that on their dangerous mis-
 sion press
 Pinioned amid inhuman loneliness,

Honor,—to them that beat in dizzying
 flight
 To their great tasks with no man's
 help at call,
 That soar to triumph in empyreal
 light,
 Or, like a death-struck eagle in the
 height,
 Huddled, down the sheer gulfs fall.

Honor to them that, silent and sublime,
 With lonely hearts keep vigil ever-
 more,
 Whose eyes watch still from shore to
 dimming shore
 The mighty movements in the maze
 of time,
 Whose thoughts are fleets and armies,
 and whose dreams
 Are thunderous battles joined in
 east or west,
 Whose nights are empires to the mind's
 unrest
 And lit with baleful gleams:
 Ah, cruel-calm fate seems
 To great souls, risen at stricken time's
 behest
 To rule and save, so mighty, so unblest.
 What pity dims those stern and
 steady eyes;
 How drags the heart when the
 swift course is set;
 When hopes grow proud what
 hushed and humble sighs
 Wound the stanch will, and steep
 the soul's just prize
 In tears of vain regret:
 Ah, brave leal lives, so lone in all
 unease!
 Honor to these, all honor unto
 these!

Honor to him who, in the northern sea,
 At the chill meeting-place of all the
 ways,
 Dropping this earthly tumult suddenly,
 Met the great silence at the end of
 days,
 And, with his simple human majesty,
 Took death with steady gaze.

Honor to all in peril or in pain
Who make no terms with evil, but sustain
The right dispassionately for all men's
gain.

Honor the meek, whose lives with
prayer's endeavor
Follow their loves—whose home-fond
feet shall never
Come home forever.

Honor the dead, and them that slowly
die;

Honor ourselves; and honor still the
gleam
That lives in all men's hearts, what-
e'er they seem,

That move uncaring 'neath the comely
sky.

Honor this land that, 'mid a world's
downcasting,
Yields unto death her love's irradiant
flower,
That, grieving, took with pride her
tragic hour,
True to the Everlasting.

Oh, Thou, to Whom all honor is, to Whom
Strange deaths and births are subject
ceaselessly,

Unto the goal of days under the gloom
Sustain Thy servants in their agony,
These living lamps that, steadfast,
burn from Thee

'Mid war's wild dark and doom.

Close the sick ears of them that slew—
and slay

In dreams delirious many nights and
days.

Shut the sad eyes of them that walk
today

In Golgotha, and cannot turn away,
But gaze, and gaze, and gaze.

Oh, Thou, Who on all life's battle-
thundering coasts

Art lord of ghostly hosts,

Judge not the blind words Thy rude
heroes cry

In the red hour of death, for under
heaven

Drawn down the days or driven
As torments chase or fly,

The soul hath various tongues, and
rash and wild
Is earth's bemazèd child,
And darkly wins his way
Unto Thy lighter day.

Oh, Thou, Who lent to death Thy deity,
Pity Thy brave that lie
Less meekly to the throes of Calvary,
That, weak with anger, cry
Crudeley beneath the sky.

Who die for love, unfearful of the price,
And for a dream fling all the earth
away—

These touch diviner issues. Say
not Nay

To Thy rude saints in their self-sacrifice.

Ye true that stand in conscience sternly
strong,

That work, and watch, and wait, and
hope so long,

Keep silence cheerful; yea, with zeal
endure;

Pursue the quest with purpose proud
and pure.

And you, grown grave, that, pale
with sudden sorrow,

Wait life's more mute tomorrow,
Weep patiently, yea, suffer to the end
With royal patience. He hath fate for
friend

Who, faithful, follows the eternal
lure

In his own soul, whose loves are that
high brood—

Faith, wisdom, temperance, mercy,
fortitude.

To Heaven be praise, Whose cause in
honor stands,

For shining hearts, and sad and eager
hands;

For lives, that moved on soft luxurious
floors,

That bravely break on adamantine
doors;

For heads, that knew but down, that
sleep on stones;

For delicate feet that speed where
anguish moans;

For lips, that feigned and sighed with
languid breath,
That sing the soul's defiance fronting
death;

For hearts waxed swift to feel; for
pitiful ears;
For life grown lovely through our
tears, our tears!

The Poetry Review.

James A. Mackereth.

AMERICA AND LIBERTY.

In recent weeks a bright light has been shining in the west of a world of sorrow and of glory. Its brilliance increases. It has seemed like a heavenly fire, and its effulgence has spread over the earth, lightening obscure paths upon which harassed men in search of a great ideal have been arduously pressing their way. It has needed but a little imagination on the part of those who have perceived this shining light, its significance and its splendor, to see also a scintillating halo flashing round the head of that noble statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" that towers up at the entrance to New York harbor, to see the fire of justice and truth burning from the torch that the figure of Liberty holds aloft. I think that, perhaps more than the Americans themselves, all who have visited the United States must be led at this present moment to profound reflection on the significance of that great statue, the old significance and the new. It is tremendous. In the days of peace the visitor to those hospitable American shores could hardly look upon that work for the first time without experiencing a deep emotion. There is something that thrills about that view of Liberty at the gates of the freest people. And today we cannot fail to recall that the statue was France's gift to the United States. That is something to remember now, one of the little crumbs of history about which three years ago perhaps not one person in four or five on the deck of an incoming liner knew or seemed to

care. Those were careless days, if happy in their way. Now we see that at the first moments of her entry into the war the United States thinks first of all of the civilization of the world and her own situation and responsibility in regard to it; next she thinks of France, then of the other Allies and Britain with them. She is right in this order of thinking, although there may be a few of the more superficial egotists in our islands who may wonder as usual why Britain does not come first, since it is on her that the burden of the war is now chiefly falling. But certainly America is right. If you spend a little while in any part of that great country that stands between the Atlantic and the Pacific you will come to a new understanding of the affection that it has for France and all that is French; and then if you will read only a little of the elementary history that has been forgotten, and consider anew the nature of these people now, you will see why it is so. The significance of this marvelous statue increases with every thought. It is America as nothing else has ever indicated her; and now it is the new America that leaps from isolation in her own western continent and flings herself afar upon the enemies of the old world from which she rose. I remember well the subtle emotion that crept within me the first time that I saw this work. It was not in the sunlight of morning or in the blue dusk of an American evening, as I had hoped, for I was looking forward to the view. I saw

it through the torrents of a storm, with the wind screeching through the fittings of my ship, and furious rain ricochetting on the deck planks, and water-mists blurring everything around. From this fury and chaos the figure of Liberty came slowly out, better defined at each murmur of our engines. Just in time the gale seemed to abate for a moment, as if by, or in obedience to, that force of Liberty, and as we sailed by we had a fair view of the noble form and face, of the strong right arm (which I may tell you is forty-two feet in length!) holding on high the flaming torch. My clothing was soaking wet as I turned away, Liberty fading into the storm again; but I had gained a great impression, and, wonderful as they are, the sight of the tall buildings that seem to kiss the sky failed in its effect as we steamed through placid waters to our harbor berth.

How splendid is the statue's situation! Auguste Bartholdi, the French sculptor, had a fine inspiration when he chose this little Bedloe's Island for the site. The French people had decided half a century ago to make a gift to their true friends of the great republic across the seas, to commemorate the centenary of their independence and the long-established warmth of feeling between the two nations. They sent Bartholdi to New York to study the project and prepare for it. As his ship sailed through the Narrows and on towards Manhattan, he went on deck like the others to strain his gaze, with a curious wonder, towards the shores of this new world, now seen for the first time. Bartholdi was impressed with this general eagerness to look upon the country, and when, gazing and wondering like the rest, his eyes fell upon Bedloe's Island in the middle of the upper bay, he knew he had found his true site ere he landed. It was perfect. He would,

with the help of God and his own true genius, make a statue that should be fit for it, an indication of America and her meaning that should be presented to the view of expectant visitors and emigrants as they approached the country. On the threshold of America this Liberty should be seen holding high her lighted torch as an emblem of freedom and opportunity in this new world. Bartholdi did his work in a splendid way. Completed in 1884, it was erected on the chosen site two years later, there to commemorate forever the first centenary of American independence and the French Government's affectionate interest therein, their joy that in this new land there should be *Liberté éclairant le monde*. The Tablet has on it the date, "July 4, 1776." It may well be impressive, apart from its meaning and the effect of that meaning upon all history, for this is the greatest colossus in the world. Its pedestal rests firmly upon a foundation which is a monolith of concrete declared to be the largest artificial single stone that has ever been made. The figure is of copper hammered to its shape, fastened to form by rivets and supported within by an iron framework which was designed by the engineer Eiffel, the same who made the tower in Paris. It is a scientific affair, as it needed to be, since here it is alone with the water and the wind, and there is more than three hundred feet of it from the foundation to the torch, the Liberty herself being well over a hundred feet, her hand sixteen and her finger eight, a finger-nail veritably a matter of thirteen inches by ten. There are allowances and contrivances made for expansion and contraction by heat and cold, and there is asbestos packing to insulate the copper from the iron and prevent the corrosion which would otherwise be caused by the effect of electricity in-

duced by the salt air. If, as we are thinking of Liberty, the joy of free peoples, and the nobility of ideals, there may seem for a moment to be something a little unsuitably materialistic in the mention of these details, it is not so; for here are foresight and mechanical perfection, strength and permanence, and these things are of America even as Liberty is. If I heard that this statue shook, that Liberty's torch fell down, that this majestic pile collapsed and sank into the waters of the bay, then I might fear indeed that the cause of freedom in the world was about to be lost, and that criminal Germany might be victorious and so spoil the whole scheme of creation and the world. It would be such a mighty and overwhelming portent. But we know that this Liberty, so strong, so sure, will not fall down. On the night of Victory might not the Government of the United States, partner in it, order that real fire and flames shall sparkle from that torch and signal to heaven that the work is done! Meanwhile it is symbolical of determination and serenity of confidence. There is a beautiful, a benevolent calm on the countenance of this figure. Bartholdi, I was told, modeled the features from those of his dear mother. Now he is dead. It is thirteen years since he passed away, just about the time when Germany was beginning the first preparations for her grand attack upon the liberty of the world. There was some Italian blood in this Bartholdi, yet he was utterly and passionately French. He was an Alsatian; Colmar was his birthplace.

Even though the news was expected, how wonderful was the thrill that spread through the fighting Allies when they heard they were joined at last by the United States of America, the strongest and freest people, the people who had nothing to gain! Some

mysterious significance of this momentous event seemed to strike with a quick shock of exhilaration upon the very soul of mankind. Much of the meaning and the possibility were understood, and yet there was something beyond, uplifting, strengthening, which belonged to the instinct and the spirit, and could not be explained. America, the new land, the new world, the country and the nation that had begun life over again, separate and distinct and far away from the old scenes of the world—much of the system of which she disliked and even abhorred—had been moved to the most active sympathy with the fighters for right, to the most active anger against their enemies, and she would fight with France and Britain and Italy, and with that new-born Russia come through trials to its freedom. America would abandon her isolation and take her turn in the crisis of old-world affairs with which every continent was at last closely concerned; she was definitely and intimately to associate herself with the cause and effort of the Grand Allies. With all its generosity and its boundless capacity, this richest and ablest of nations was to come to the support of the brave peoples struggling so desperately with the foe. It was a splendid act. It will bind the free peoples together in such love and harmony as could never have been without this grand decision. It gives a more magnificent hope for the world than the uttermost optimist could have cherished before. The war is a vast and appalling thing; we who live through it know that we are witnessing the most stirring, tremendous, and effective epoch in the history of the world, something so enormous in its character and its consequence that one almost feels that the heavens themselves, the other planets, must have regard to what is happening here.

and be affected by it. But, great as is the war as we have known it, it is not greater than the American entry into this struggle.

It has been interesting to observe the development of a certain change of attitude and opinion towards the citizens of the United States and their President by the people of this country. There have been suggestions of admission that old judgments have been incorrect and need revision, that facts and circumstances which exist and are of ponderous importance had been but imperfectly understood and appreciated. Now, it is said, the real difficulties of the United States, as they have been, are perceived, and the character of the people is known. Certain withdrawals in regard to the President have been ungrudgingly made; his wisdom and his heart, his statesmanship and his conscience, have the most handsome and spontaneous tributes paid to them. It is well that this should be so. The complete belligerent in these days is not in the best position for a calm judgment upon the motives and the quality of neutrals. He would need to be superhuman if his judgment were to be unaffected and unbiased. No doubt it has been hard for some of our people to realize the terrible truth of our own sacrifices, and to behold another nation, with much of our own blood in its veins, speaking our own tongue, at peace, becoming enormously rich through its neutrality, and being, as it seemed, willing to bear punishment itself from the Germans without retaliating. We were too proud, it was thought, to ask the help of anyone; but there were things that were thought. Certainly, also, it was believed that the President was weak, that he was careless of the national honor, and that he was too willing to agree with any of his countrymen who might suggest that the

true course for the United States was one of peace at any price. Now it is agreed that many of these judgments were wrong. There may be some opportunism in this revision, and yet there is a deep and joyful sincerity also. Our people are being taught a war lesson once again, and they realize better than before that they are given to a considerable superficialness of thinking and of speaking. Even now they must understand that if America has "come in," she has not done so entirely from respect and love for Britain, though she likes us. Herself and her principles have been the first consideration; her affection for France has clearly been the second. In our new enthusiasm let us not lose sight of the true values, in a national egotism that has often led us sadly astray. We shall henceforth be far better friends with the Americans than in the past, and at the outset, in wondering upon the marvelous preparations of our cousins, their splendid generosity in financial affairs, and their amazing display of order, method, and efficiency, superior by far to the best efforts of our enemies in this respect, let us come to a real appreciation of all the circumstances.

Too many British people seem to labor under the fancy that America is jealous of us, and that, with our blood in her, she is like an ungrateful child. They do not seem to understand how and why America has come to be, and what it is. They seem to have forgotten the *Mayflower*, and the great Puritan emigration of so much that was best in the bodies and brains of our countrymen that speedily followed; how and why that strong and splendid colony was built up in Massachusetts. In those years when the shores of North America were only just being discovered, they did not leave their native land for the mere love of adventure and change.

They had been taught already that gold-hunting in this new country was useless; the principle was propounded by the great John Smith, and accepted afterwards universally, that only labor was good. "Nothing is to be expected thence but by labor," he wrote; and it was in labor and tears for the homes that had been left, and with a smile of hope to the future, that the first British settled in America. They had left Britain because of their loss of liberty, because of the unbearable tyrannies that had been forced upon them, because they yearned for freedom, for religious freedom. People of all nations went to this new land also. They had had their own sufferings and disappointments at home; they longed for a new life, new liberty, new opportunities. They wished to be rid of all the shackles of the European systems, the tyrannical survivals of ancient times. They were for freedom and equality. But allegiance was paid to Britain until Britain, as we all know now and freely admit, made appalling blunders in her handling of the new colony. Loyalty was tested too far, tyranny ventured across the sea, and then the States declared for liberty complete and an end to the European system and all its hateful works. They would live their own lives in their own way, free and independent. They asked nothing of Europe, and would tolerate no interference. Europe could go on its own way, with its autocracies, its machinations, its alliances, its diplomatic exercises, its gigantic armies, and its continual threats and fears of wars. America was not for these things, but for peace and labor. That is the spirit of the States, and the country's great foundation. It has been to escape from the European thraldom, and obviously with a sense of disappointment with their homeland, that most emigrants

have gone to this new country. They have been tired of Europe. Perhaps at times America, in her strength and her independence, has been a little arrogant, but never was a country more entitled to a splendid pride. She is the wonder of the earth. Three hundred years have seen her grow from nothing but the wild land of the Red Indian tribes to be the pivot of the world, as we see her, and the undoubted center of future civilization, which moves from the old to the new. And yet if she has been, as we say, arrogant at times, too prideful perhaps, again let us call to mind that in her own great domestic war, when she fought to purge herself of slavery, some of us in Britain were not her best friends then. Still, by some of those to whom we have referred, it has been thought that, despite all this, at the first rattle of the guns in Europe, this blend of blood in America, a full mixture of all the white races, should immediately abandon its principle of separation from the European system and fly to the battlefields. All that its first separation from Europe had meant, and all that its three hundred years of American history had taught, were to be given up. But, it is said, there was the cause of Humanity, there was the case of Belgium, the *Lusitania*, and a thousand other things. These were tremendous matters; America weighed them well. She was not indifferent; gradually, surely, she brought herself to the sacrifice of the great principle on which she had established herself, that of her absolute independence and separation from the European system. Naturally, some provocations to which she was subjected forced the decision, but there was never any doubt as to the direction in which her sympathies and tendencies lay.

And, again, as to what seemed her hesitation, it is not appreciated how

far America is from Britain. I do not mean in a mere matter of mileage—though even then it is far—but in thought. New York, the eastern shore, is near enough; but only those who have traveled through the country, have boarded one of the great west-going trains from the Central or Pennsylvania stations in the city, and, with the big engine bells clangingly mournfully through the night, have followed the path of the sun and gone over thousands of miles of barely developed country, sped over the prairies, gone on and on towards the far Pacific, can understand how distant Britain seems to be, how utterly remote is our dear land. In the central States it has seemed to the wanderer to be nearly as far away as the stars themselves; and I remember how once, after such a wandering, returning to the east coast, I saw the Atlantic sea again for the first time one autumn afternoon at Newport,

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Rhode Island, and, for very joy of the fact that this same ocean touched my native shore, ran down to the beach to splash hands upon the wavelets as some demonstration of affection. But the people of other races, a blend of races, so far remote from Britain, going on peacefully with their business, were expected to hurry to the slaughter at its first beginning. Herein one tries to present the case not from a partisan view, but as it might appear from the neutral view and fairly. On our side we know what there is to be said, and it need not be repeated. The heart of the American people is good and true. We who have been with them in their homes know them better than do those who merely see them passing through our country on their holiday trips. They need no lessons in right, in conscience, or in strength. The life of Abraham Lincoln was not thrown away.

Henry Leach.

"FROM THE BOTTOM OF OUR HEARTS."

The arrival in British waters of a flotilla of American destroyers makes the fine speech of Sir Edward Carson at the luncheon of the Navy League particularly timely and appropriate. The toast which the First Lord proposed goes home to all our race. He drank to "the American Navy." We hail that pledge, as he gave it, "from the bottom of our hearts." No Englishman will be surprised to hear that the squadron which has been dispatched so promptly to our aid is in all respects worthy of the great people whose flag it carries. Scientific construction and armament are old traditions of that service, as are the skill, the daring, and the discipline of its officers and seamen. We have learned to admire these things as characteristic of the

American Navy in war and in peace by the experiences of a hundred years. We have learned too that the men who sail under the Stars and Stripes share with our own sailors the frank "chivalry of the sea." They taught us many a bitter lesson in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812, but the shipmates of Decatur and of Stewart were manly and honorable foes. In the long years since England and America entered upon the peace which this war promises to make perpetual they have been our comrades and our friends in every sea. It was an American sailor who on a famous occasion proclaimed that "blood is thicker than water"—a truth we did not forget on an eventful day in Manila Bay; and it was to the ringing cheers of the Trenton,

herself in deadly peril, that, in 1889, the Irish seaman whose death we mourned a few months ago took the Calliope out of Apia Harbor in the teeth of the fearful hurricane which destroyed fourteen of the vessels lying there. "I will ever remember," said Sir Henry Kane, "that mighty outburst of fellow-feeling. I can only say, 'God bless America and her noble sailors.'" In Admiral Sims, now working at the Admiralty in perfect harmony with Sir John Jellicoe, they have sent us just such a colleague as we should have most desired. In return, we are lending them Captain Evans, of the Broke, the destroyer leader who, with her sister ship, the Swift, routed half a dozen enemy destroyers in five minutes last April. The name of the Broke is well known to Americans. It was borne by the fine seaman who took to heart the lessons afforded by American gunnery in the many single-ship actions in which they beat us, and defeated his heroic adversary Captain Lawrence in the historic combat with the Chesapeake. The flotilla now off our coasts is but an earnest of the help which America is going to give the Allies, but Sir Edward Carson speaks only sober truth when he declares that no more important event than its arrival has happened in the history of the New World or of the Old.

It is important from a military standpoint, but it is infinitely more important as a symbol and a seal of the new union of hearts between the British and the American peoples. Both know now that they have one great common ideal; both have determined to repel all who raise their hands against it; both are "out together" to preserve the true freedom of the seas, "and," said Sir Edward, "we mean to do it." We mean to do it. We mean to assert and to secure the reign of ordered freedom, of law,

and of humanity upon earth. But Sir Edward solemnly warned us not to under-estimate the danger of the submarine menace that we must overcome. "It is," he declares, "a great, a novel, and a terrible menace"—a menace which no navy has yet solved. It may sorely try the courage and the "grit" of our people in the coming months. It may even raise the question whether we or our adversaries are going to "stick it out." Sir Edward's answer is the nation's answer. "We are." But we must entertain no illusions about the facts. Some of our merchant ships have had extraordinary good fortune in escaping the torpedoes launched at them. We cannot safely rely on its continuance. It is tolerably well known, too, that we have also sunk a certain number of the hostile craft, and we have apparently sunk them before their reliefs were ready for sea. But they will soon be ready, and then we must expect increased attacks. Sir Edward has no new defense to announce. He tells us not to get either "swelled heads" or "cold feet," but to grapple with our difficulties, day by day and hour by hour, until they are overcome. All this shows that the problem of shipbuilding remains as urgent as ever. "Ships, ships, ships" is still the solution, and we trust that Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues will not allow their other cares to banish this truth and its vital moment from their minds. That is a matter in which America will doubtless give us valuable assistance. We do not know whether the enemy tonnage in her ports can be made available at present, but we welcome the indications that the President is alive to the inestimable value of time in this contest, and that he is trying to impress the fact upon others. As the war tends to become a struggle of endurance, promptitude becomes more and more essential.

We know by bitter experience what delay means, and we know what it costs. Mr. Balfour has done much to bring home to Americans the sad lessons of our experience, but his appeal, of necessity, is limited. We are delighted to hear the rumor that President Wilson himself may under-

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take the task of rousing the nation to the greatness of their opportunities and of their duties. A summons from him to "wake up" would do more to accelerate real "preparedness" across the Atlantic—and so to shorten the war—than argument or exhortation from any lips but his.

A CONCERT AT THE FRONT.

The Colonel had asked me to dinner in his hut. "Come at six o'clock," he said, "and I may be able to give you a little amusement before dinner." He did. He and his men were to go up to the dine on the morrow; so the officers had arranged a smoking concert, and had borrowed for the occasion a large hut belonging to the company who had charge of a German Prisoners' Camp. The hut was lighted with hanging lamps, and filled with men and tobacco smoke (mainly of the Woodbine breed, which Tommy loves more than the best Havana).

At the top table is the very smart Regimental Sergeant-Major, who is in the chair. In place of the usual hammer, he keeps order by rapping on the table with a large silver cigarette case. The concert has already started when we arrive, and after waiting for the end of the ditty in progress we make our way to a table next the chairman, amidst some little applause from the men, for my host is popular.

To my surprise I see seated on one side of the hut at the far end of the room eight German non-commissioned officers, all smoking (again mostly Woodbines), and all evidently enjoying the musical efforts of our gallant Tommies. These Germans were very fine men. Two were sergeant-majors, and had most intelligent and interesting faces. Another, a studious-looking, rather delicate fellow, was, I found, a science

master at some German school. He had a guitar, which he played later with great effect.

The concert went on: lugubrious songs, all without accompaniment, with verses that ran into double figures. "Don't go down the mine, daddy," and songs of the "Little Irish Rose" and "Shamrock" type were the most popular; several again of the "Scotch Whiskey" variety, and then the meeting is called to order by the chairman, who announces: "The enemy will oblige with a folksong and chorus—the best of order and a bit of encouragement, please." "The enemy" remove their caps, come to the front, bowing to the Colonel as they pass, and sing a part-song, conducted by one of the sergeant-majors, and accompanied by the delicate-looking man on his guitar. It is music—real music, the performers—all eight of them—obviously enjoying it. One or two have really good voices, and there is not a false note. Tommy looked on in amazement. He seemed surprised that these strange people could sing in such a difficult language and certainly surprised at the very high musical standard. The enemy is heartily applauded, and returns quickly to his seat and his Woodbines, again bowing to the Colonel *en route*.

Then the Adjutant tells stories, chiefly concerned with the troubles of young officers and raw recruits, which shake the audience with laughter. He

is followed by the Colonel, who stands up, all six feet of him, perfectly "turned out," and recites in most racy manner "The Gee Bung Polo Club." The applause was intense, and this although there were probably not half a dozen men in the hut who could tell you anything about the game of polo! Still, as I have said, he is a good Colonel.

And now the chairman announces the last two items on the program. "Best of order, please, while the enemy gives 'The Watch on the Rhine' —and you can ease yourselves afterwards by singing 'Rule, Britannia.' " So "Die Wacht am Rhein" is most feelingly rendered by the enemy, and

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the last notes have hardly died away when Thomas Atkins lifts the roof off with that pean of liberty which (so the verse tells us) was caught from the lips of "Guardian Angels." Then "God Save the King" and the men disperse, many of them singing as they go out:

We beat them on the Marne,
We beat them on the Aisne;
We gave them hell at Neuve Chapelle,
And here we are again.

The enemy seemed quite happy, but one large Bavarian sergeant-major, who spoke perfect English, said to me: "But, sir, surely not quite like *that* at Neuve Chapelle." And he was right.

D. O. C.

OUTRUNNING THE CONSTABLE.

The Representation of the People Bill has passed its second reading in the House of Commons. The days have long gone by when a speech on either side affects the voting, yet Lieutenant-Colonel Sanders and Lord Hugh Cecil deserved to have swung the majority to their side. Unfortunately, the majority had decided which way to vote beforehand, as usual, and not the songs of Apollo could avail against what in effect, though not in name, was party interest and discipline. Mr. Walter Long did indeed majestically deny that the collusion between the parties had anything to do with party, and immediately afterwards made the rather inconsistent remark that "he believed his party had suffered whenever it had embarked on opposition to an extension of the franchise." Q.E.D. But what is the real origin of the new Franchise Bill? It arose out of the refusal of the late Government to grant the franchise to His Majesty's Forces serving abroad. Parliament had neither the will nor

the energy to compel the Government to pass a simple measure which was, and still is, demanded by the country. But the demand for that particular extension of the franchise gave the party politician an opportunity to devise a measure which, while expressly omitting to qualify sailors and soldiers on service at sea and abroad, might so increase the electorate at home that party machinery in the House of Commons would have a chance of not being disturbed in case of a General Election.

To change the electorate is the first interest of certain politicians whose prospects have become exceeding overcast. With considerable ingenuity it was argued that there could be no extension of the franchise to sailors and soldiers unless it was also extended to women. It was a false argument, because, in accordance with a pledge loyally observed, the women had made no such stipulation. But in order to divert attention from that fact, Mr. Asquith suddenly announced his conversion to the

cause of Women's Suffrage, alleging as the reasons for his change of mind arguments which were just as cogent before the war but which before the war he scorned. It was an astute manœuvre, because, although it gave one more proof that Mr. Asquith has no convictions, but only provisional hypotheses, on any subject, it enabled him presumably to count upon the votes of many women. Moreover, as the ex-Premier and his friends are well aware, the introduction of the Franchise Bill and the proposals for the unsettlement of Ireland have the inestimable advantage of leading the Government deep into a morass. The Government are going far beyond public opinion in their schemes; they have outrun the definitely limited authority under which alone they hold office; and the consequences which we predicted are already occurring. There are distrust, a renewal of bitter controversies, and the slow anger of people who, desiring nothing but to get on with the war, contemplate the Government embarking upon enterprises which would absorb their whole time and intellect in a period of profound peace. They also perceive a man like Earl Curzon, a member of the War Cabinet, recanting his expressed views one after the other, eating his words, and appearing to enjoy the ration. It used to be considered the mark of a statesman to decide for or against a particular proposal, according to what he conceived to be the good of the country, and, having made his decision, to stick to it. If a new set of circumstances arose, the matter might be judged again. But in the two cases—not to mention others—under review there are no new circumstances except one. That one is the plain justice of giving sailors and soldiers the vote; and it is exactly that which is not given. There is no difficulty in so

doing. The Australian Act of March 19 last is perfectly simple. Men serving outside Australia receive papers entitling them to vote either as electors in the district in which they reside or in the district in which their next-of-kin resides.

The amendment brought forward by Lieutenant-Colonel Sanders proposed the rejection of the Bill for the two very good reasons that in time of war the Government ought not to proceed with such a measure and that it did not confer the franchise upon sailors and soldiers. These are the reasons upon which our own objections are founded. They appear to us unanswerable. At any rate, no one has answered them. The argument urged by Sir John Simon that it was necessary to create the machinery by means of which the "problems" arising after the war could be solved signifies only that the fighting men are to have no part either in setting up the machinery or in its operations. No doubt that arrangement would suit Sir John Simon very well; but it will not suit the country. As the House of Commons has seen fit to approve what is called the principle of the Bill, the appeal lies to the House of Lords. We can only hope that the Upper House will not be influenced by what they were told will be said of their action in "another place." Their business is to resist an unconstitutional and an unjust measure and to enforce the rights of the Service men. As for the Government themselves, they are pursuing the course expressly designed for their destruction by their political enemies, who are both numerous and vindictive. So long as the Prime Minister deals fairly by the country he may disregard his foes. But if they succeed in entangling him in controversial politics his end is already in sight, and his best friends will be unable to save him.

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

The news that a small Expeditionary Force, amounting to about a division of Regular troops, is to come from the United States as soon as possible to fight in France has been received with unbounded satisfaction in Great Britain. President Wilson, having made up his mind that war was the only way of salvation for the world, seems to be acting as though he had followed and marked all the lessons which the Allies have learned through very painful experience. It is evident that he believes that a method of carrying on war with less than your whole strength is the most unsatisfactory, the most expensive, and the most cruel that can be devised. He wisely means to keep clear of that method. Observers here are impressed by the fact that he is doing nothing slowly, and nothing by halves. This decision to send an Expeditionary Force without delay is probably one of the wisest of his many recent acts of foresight and resolution. The display of the American flag and the American uniform on the Western front will be a pledge and a stimulus of a moral value out of all proportion to the number of the troops sent. There are many possible lines of criticism of the President's decision, but we feel that the proof of his personal enthusiasm, of his anxiety to be "in it up to the neck" at the earliest moment, will turn out to be of vast and determining importance. It has been said that the American Regulars are the only men who can adequately train the New Armies of American recruits, and that therefore they ought all to be kept in the United States till the new soldiers have learned enough to be independent. But we suspect that Mr. Wilson has a much more cogent

argument than that. He probably considers that nothing but the best training is good enough for the New Armies, and that the best training can be given only by those who have taken part in the unprecedented warfare of the Western front. We are writing quite without evidence on this subject, but we hope that the sending of a division of Regulars to France means that the American military authorities recognize that as many of their men as possible must be taught their business in the best of all schools—the school on the spot. It is excellent news that the United States Government will probably send a regiment of Marines with the division of Regulars. Ten thousand engineers are also being recruited to serve in France. Add these to the division of Regulars and the Marines, and the numbers of the Expeditionary Force will amount to nearly thirty-five thousand men. The prospect of this force arriving within a short time after the declaration of war is a magnificent demonstration of American earnestness. The Germans little knew the kind of people they were taking on when they weighed them in the balance against the desperate hope of a "U"-boat victory. It is hoped, as the Washington correspondent of the *Times* tells us, that before the autumn the American Regular Army will have risen to two hundred and ninety thousand by voluntary recruiting. The Militia or National Guard will raise its strength this summer to three hundred and thirty thousand, also by voluntary recruiting. Behind these there is the enormous mass of human material, liable to compulsory service, out of which fresh Armies can be formed. If conscription be applied only to men of twenty-

one to thirty, ten million men will be available. Of these the first half-million are to be called up in the autumn after the voluntary recruiting of the Regulars and the Militia is completed. It will be interesting to see what method is adopted of selecting men for service out of the available ten millions. Perhaps the Government will require each district to furnish its quota, and apply compulsion only to those districts which fail to reach the standard. In this way the voluntary spirit would be preserved within the borders of compulsion, just as Lincoln made volunteering real by his imposition of the Draft.

The appointment of General Pershing to command the American Expeditionary Force has been received with as much pleasure here as in America. He is an experienced and trusted soldier. He was educated at West Point, which provides one of the best military educations in the world, and joined the cavalry in 1886. He took part in the expedition to Cuba in the Spanish-American War in 1898, and in the campaign against the Philippine rebels which followed that war. He very quickly made a great reputation for himself in the Philippines as a man of patience and judgment in dealing with the natives as well as a hard-hitting soldier. On his return to the United States he enjoyed the high military position he had earned, and he was naturally chosen to command in the recent campaign in Mexico. There, for political reasons, he was never given a free hand, and that he came out of that unhappy country with great credit to himself, and without having forfeited either the wholesome respect of his enemy or the entire confidence of his Government, was not the least of his achievements.

General Pershing is a fine product of one of the most professional Armies

in the world. This description of the American Regular Army may surprise some of our readers, who perhaps think that as the Americans have never taken military affairs very seriously their Regular Army can hardly be compared favorably with the Armies of more military nations. But the American Regular Army is indeed a remarkable body. Although it has seen little service on a grand scale, it has been in another sense on continual active service. One might compare its activities with those of our Navy. It has performed the office of policing the United States against Indian marauders and lawless communities. It goes about its work quietly and competently. It has never been the darling of fashion. Soldier pets in the luxurious life of the great cities have been chosen from among crack regiments of the Militia. The Regulars are too busy, and too often away at their remote posts, to force themselves on public attention. The present writer had the privilege of accompanying a Regular regiment of American infantry in the war of 1898, and he has never forgotten the impression those cool and skilful officers and men made upon him. The officers were highly intelligent, and their handiness and resourcefulness —the result of their Indian experiences —made a delightful combination with their exceptional mental equipment. In a journey by train through almost the entire length of the United States the men were allowed freely to roam about the railway stations when the train stopped, as it frequently did, yet there was not a single case of drunkenness, though the regiment had just said "Good-bye" to its friends and was under the excitement of the approaching campaign. The train passed through "dry" States and "wet" States, but the wet States were just as dry as the dry so far as that

regiment was concerned. The present writer remarked on the exemplary behavior of the men under so little control—to him an astonishing phenomenon—and one of the officers said to him: "Our Army is only about twenty-five thousand strong, but you must remember that it is chosen from the best. The men are decently paid and well treated, and they are expected to produce references when they offer themselves to show that they are worthy of being in the Army. Why, I expect you would find that you could take any man out of this regiment and safely make him a cashier in a bank!" Of course in the Cuban Campaign there was a great deal of muddle; the commissariat services broke down; the Army was ill equipped; the medical

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service was inadequate; the artillery was armed with poor guns and old-fashioned black powder, which at once obscured the vision and revealed the position of the batteries with clouds of smoke. But the greater part of the failure was due to entrusting the improvisation of machinery to men with a political "pull." The American Regulars were in themselves splendid types of professional soldiers, keen, modest, and brave. When they come over anyone here or in France who expects to see a kind of Wild West circus will receive the surprise of his life. And surprise will change to gratitude and admiration when the Allies have experienced the genius of the American Regular for good-fellowship and loyalty in the field.

PEAS AND PLEDGES.

"Has anything special," I said, "been happening during my absence?"

"We are up to our chins in work," said Francesca.

"But is it real work?"

"Of course it is. We've formed a General Committee, of which everybody's a member, including you, and we've formed an Executive Committee, of which there are about a dozen members. And then there are some Sub-Committees."

"Yes, I know. The Executive Committee thinks it's going to do all the work, but it's got to report to the General Committee, and it'll be a great piece of luck if the General Committee doesn't insist on asserting itself by upsetting all the decisions of the Executive Committee."

"Oh, but our General Committee isn't going to be like that at all. There won't be any petty jealousy about our General Committee. Be-

sides, the Executive Committee has power to act, and it doesn't need to report till the Annual Meeting of the General Committee, which is to be held a year from now. When that time comes lots of things will have happened."

"That," I said, "is one of the truest things you've ever said. Even the War may be over by that time."

"But if it isn't we shall all be living on swedes or pea-soup, or rice-bread or all three together; and we shall have a food controller in every village, and our Committees won't be wanted."

"I beg your pardon; they'll be more wanted than ever to keep the controller straight and act as a buffer between him and the population."

"But they won't know they're a buffer, and they won't like it when some tactless person tells them. Anyhow, that's a long way off, and in the meantime we've got the land."

"Who've got what land?"

"Our Committee," said Francesca, "have got two acres of land from Mr. Carberry, and we're going to grow a crop of peas on it so that everybody may have pea-soup in case of a pinch."

"But what about the peas?" I said.
"Have you made sure of those?"

"We had a good deal of trouble about them, but we've got a firm promise of six bushels."

"Capital! But are you quite sure you know how to bring the land and the peas together?"

"Well, I'm not so much of an expert as I should like to be, but Mr. Bolton's a practical farmer, and he's going to do all he can for us."

"Will he plough it?"

"It's been ploughed twice, so he's undertaken to harrow it and scarpify it—doesn't it sound awful?—and then something else is going to happen to it, but I forget what it's called."

"Wouldn't it be a good thing, at some stage or other, to plant the peas?"

"Yes, it would; but you can't do it as simply as all that, can you? Isn't there something highly agricultural that you must do first?"

"I should chuck 'em in and chance it."

"A nice farmer you'd make," she said scornfully. "I'm remembering it

Punch.

now. It's got something to do with drills."

"Like the Volunteers?"

"No, not a bit like the Volunteers."

"Well, then, like potatoes."

"Yes, more like potatoes, except that they're peas in this case."

"How true," I said.

"Yes. And don't forget that while you were away we formed a League of Honor in the village and bound ourselves to observe the Food Controller's rations."

"Am I a member?"

"Yes, we thought you'd like to be one, so I gave your name in."

"I think a man must pledge his own honor. He can't have it done for him."

"There's no public ceremony. You can just pledge yourself in your mind, and then put a pledge card in one of the windows."

"I'll have tea first," I said, "and then I'll choose the window, and then I'll pledge myself in my mind."

"No, you can do the pledging now."

"I've done it, while you were talking."

"And after all it's only the old rations according to Lord Devonport and we've been working under them for some time now."

"So we have," I said; "but of course the card in the window makes all the difference."

R. C. Lehmann.

HYMN FOR THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

Thine eyes survey the earth, Thine eyes
The surging spaces of the deep;
At Thy command the billows rise,
At Thy command they sink to sleep;
Trusting in Thee the sailor strains
Across the storm, across the sea;
Trusting in Thee, O Lord, he gains
The haven where he fain would be.

Winds are Thy messengers, O God,
Clouds are the chariot of Thy path;
The tempest rages at Thy nod,
The lightnings gleam, when Thou art
wrath;
And if to scale Thy heav'ns above,
Trusting in Thee, Thy creatures dare,
Shield them with Thy protecting love,
Who ride upon the viewless air.

Fearless they cleave the misty shroud,
They scorn the danger, scorn the foe;
Fearless athwart the thunder cloud
They go, where duty bids them go;
Yet while, amid the heav'ns above,
The instant face of death they dare,
Shield them with Thy protecting love,
Who ride upon the viewless air.

The Times

Through crash of war, through storm and fire,
With stiffening limbs and vision strained,
Onward and upward, high and higher,
They work untired the work ordained;
At risk of life through heav'ns above,
While to their brethren life they bear,
Shield them with Thy protecting love
Who ride upon the viewless air.

A. C. A.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To turn a twentieth-century young Englishman studying for the bar into a faun, make him fall in love with Lady Moon, and kill him by the arrow of Dionysios would be a hard enough task for a poet. A novelist certainly should not essay it—even with a theory of pre-natal influence to help him—unless he have a more delicate fancy and a lighter touch than W. E. B. Henderson has shown in "Behind the Thicket." Nor can social satire such as is attempted in the earlier half of the story be achieved by epigrams like: "He would not fetch and carry, though she looked fetching and carried on." E. P. Dutton & Co.

E. Temple Thurston's latest novel, "Enchantment," is not at all in the manner of "The Antagonists" and "Richard Furlong." Slighter, more delicate, with none of that excessive emphasis on the sex-problem which has marred so much of Mr. Thurston's work for many readers who appreciate his talent, it is a charming story of Irish life fifty years ago. The father of Patricia Desmond, its piquant heroine, vows her to a convent before her birth, but obtains absolution from his vow by a counter-oath to break off drinking, and the struggle between his love for his child and his bottle forms the plot. There is rollicking adven-

ture, and mellow humor, and wit, and exquisite pathos, and keen, kindly analysis of human nature—everything that makes an Irish story irresistible. The men are particularly well drawn—Desmond, Father Casey, Sandy Stuart, the respectable wine-merchant whose backstairs smuggling drives his son Charles to take honestly to the sea, and Charles himself, who comes home in time to settle Patricia's fate. D. Appleton & Co.

The plot of Mrs. Henry Backus's latest novel follows the experiences of an ardent, high-spirited Hungarian girl, coming to America with the dreams of an enthusiast, and buoyantly hopeful of "A Place in the Sun" here. The first chapter finds Kunganda Karoli in a doctor's office, where country air and generous diet are prescribed for the anaemia caused by ten hours a day in a stogy factory; later she becomes nursemaid to the doctor's little niece; later still she develops an unexpected talent for interpretative dancing. Theories of eugenics, conscientiously held by the doctor, thwart the romance which the reader detects from the start, but in due time the facts are fortunately found to conform to them. Settlement work, sanitation, political graft and "society" scandal of a mild flavor furnish epi-

sodes in a fluently-written story. The Page Co.

No American singer more brilliantly blends the new and the old ideals than Louis Untermeyer. He is first a personality, then a poet. He has the habit of the haunting rhythm. His free verse sings like a nightingale. He loves luscious words—groups of them—as passionately as Tennyson; but, with Frost and Pound, flings all the mannerisms of the Victorians out of the window. So intense is the Untermeyer individuality it were a good guess that he will be quoted when Frost's simplicities and Pound's attitudinizings are dead. His new book, "These Times," shows him a good hater, as ever. He strikes out at everything, the old idea of God, of Heaven, the accepted standards of religion and ethics, the reformers in kid gloves. His images are over-sensual. At his best he is lyrical.

I am too poor to buy you back the years

A mother pays for with her dreams and fears,
For I am rich in nothing but in love,
So let me live my thanks, so let me be
Forever in your debt, who gave to me
The breath of life—and all the joys thereof.

Henry Holt & Co.

Cale Young Rice prefaces his collection of verse, "Trails Sunward," with a protest against vers libre and all its workers. He starts off with the uncompromising assertion that, "Never has poetry tried so hard to be prose as at the present time in America." He ends by declaring, "We must have a truer and greater freedom than can be given by any change of verse form. We must exact a profounder grasp on life than any rude externalism permits." That is the summing-up of his volume. He attempts, and succeeds, in deepening the note of his singing, keeping its

brilliant technique, its intricate verse formation; but hunting all the while for words to interpret the profound things of life. The music of his lines is more perfect than ever, his rhythms varied and fresh. Among the lyrics a play, "Wraiths of Destiny," is included. The Century Co.

Commander Yates Stirling of the United States Navy is the author of a timely and compact, yet comprehensive volume on "Fundamentals in Naval Service," which may well be utilized as a textbook in these times when the navy is assuming new importance, and thousands of civilians are turning to it as their best opportunity for "doing their bit" in the great world war. The book contains frank statements of the needs and deficiencies of the navy, of the strength and functions of the different types of war craft, and of naval organization and policy. It is a complete manual of naval service, of seamanship, naval construction, warship training and the use of ordnance, and special chapters are contributed by Lieutenant Commander H. C. Mustin on The Naval Aeroplane, by Lieutenant Commander C. S. McDowell on Electricity in the Navy, and by Past Assistant Surgeon Ralph Walker McDowell on First Aid and Hygiene. The book is published with the approval of the United States Navy Department. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Two lively and spirited books for boy readers come simultaneously from D. Appleton & Co. "Scott Burton, Forester," by Edward G. Cheney, is the story of an Eastern tenderfoot lad, who goes to Minnesota to learn forestry, and later, in the practical pursuit of that vocation, has a succession of startling and often perilous experiences with bears, poachers and forest fires and other accompaniments of life in the wilds. "The Trail of Tecum-

seh," by Paul Tomlinson, carries the reader back a century or more to the days of the famous Indian chief, who tried to beat back the white settlers who invaded his domain, was beaten in the Battle of Tippecanoe, and later fought on the side of the British in the war of 1812. The story turns upon the adventures of four congenial young volunteers who followed upon the trail of Tecumseh and had a share in the fighting at Tippecanoe. Both stories are illustrated, the first by Norman Rockwell, and the second by T. de Thulstrup.

Dr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler, whose nine volumes in the United States Service Series served the double purpose of instruction and entertainment for boy readers by their vivid descriptions of the work of the surveyors, census-takers, explorers, foresters, life-savers and men employed in other departments of the government service, is now engaged upon a second series of similar value and interest—the "Museum Series"—the second volume of which, "The Polar Hunters," is just published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. As in the earlier series, the author weaves the facts and information which he conveys to his boy readers—this time relating to the Eskimos, and the adventures and hardships of life in the Arctic regions—into a story as diverting as if it were merely fiction, but made thoroughly worth while by its descriptions, not only of Eskimo life, but of the experiences and achievements of Kane, Amundsen, Pearly and other hunters for the Pole. Thirty-four illustrations, most of them from photographs furnished by the American Museum of Natural History, add to the value of the book. The same publishers add to their series of "Children of Other Lands Books" a story of child experiences in a country which has lately come into tragic prominence, "When

I Was a Boy in Roumania," by Dr. J. S. Van Teslaer. The author, like millions of others of alien birth, has found in this country opportunities which were denied him in his own, and out of a ripe and successful experience writes down these memories of his youth. For little readers, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. offer "The Fairy House-Keepers," a group of fanciful Nature stories by Norma Bright Carson, decorated by Hazeltine Fewsmit with numerous pictures in colors and in black and white; and "Story Plays for Little Children," a collection of story plays, finger plays and rhythms, furnished with music, songs and directions for kindergarten use, by Leora Hall and Sarah Elizabeth Palmer.

"Everyone knows that religion is undergoing a social revival"; so Vida D. Scudder begins one of the pungent essays in her volume, "The Church and the Hour." The papers appeared in widely variant periodicals, for two are culled from "The Churchman" and two were letters written to "The Masses." Professor Scudder holds a position halfway between the audiences of those two publications and attempts to reconcile both the church to her altruistic and socialistic creed and the masses to her mystical faith in a Living Christ. It is a brave attempt: braver her continual assertion that "It is full time the critics of the Church . . . should become aware of the advanced position which various official Christian groups are now taking at last on questions concerning social justice." The book is needed at this hour when all the world is crying that the war has disproven the Christ. Its note of appreciation—for the rampant and radical editor of "The Masses" as well as for the followers of Jesus—is cheering, as well as its profound optimism, its devout faith in man and God. E. P. Dutton & Co.